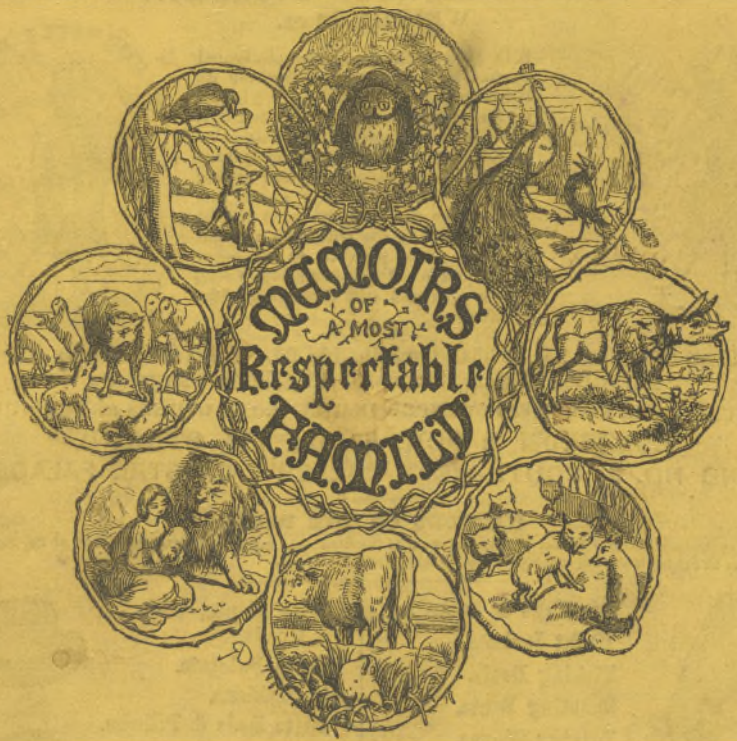
MR. THACKERAY'S NEW MONTHLY WORK.

THE NEWCOMES



EDITED BY

ARTHUR PENDENNIS ESQre

ILLUSTRATED by RICHARD DOYLE.

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1854.

No. 11. AUGUST. Price 1s.

The Largest Waterproof Establishment in the World.

THE POCKET SIPHONIA,

OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, adapted for Sportsmen, Travellers, and Tourists, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle ; the most *important* feature in this *Waterproofing* is a new PATENT process, which effectually resists the heat of the sun and the most violent rains, obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.—Price according to size, 40s. to 50s. ; all silk throughout, 50s. to 60s.

Stout Siphonias, 25s. to 35s. Overalls, 10s. 6d. Yacht Jackets, 18s. 6d.
Reversible Alpacas, 35s. each, suitable for Clergymen.

NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

EDMISTON & SON, 69 and 416, STRAND,
AND NO. 3, SOUTH-WEST GALLERY, CRYSTAL PALACE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

WATERPROOF.—"The lightest and most effectual is the SIPHONIA, made by EDMISTON & SON, of 69, Strand; they can be carried in the hat or pocket."—*Bell's Life, April 20th*, 1851.

Leggings or Overalls.
Yacht Jackets.
Fishing Boots.
Shooting Boots.
Driving Gloves.
Gun Covers.
Gig Aprons.
Sou-Westers.
Goloshes.

Ladies' Capes, with Hoods.
Ditto Paletots.
Air Cushions.
Ditto Beds & Pillows.
Portable Folding Baths.
Nursing Aprons.
Crib Sheets.
Water Beds for Invalids on Sale or Hire.

EDMISTON'S LIFE-BELTS NONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT.

Every description of India Rubber and Gutta Percha Goods, Piping, Tubing for Watering Gardens, &c.

PORTABLE BOATS FOR ONE OR MORE PERSONS.

To Shippers a liberal Discount.

LONDON: EDMISTON & SON, 69 & 416, STRAND,
And No. 3, South-west Gallery, Crystal Palace.

MADRAS—GARRATT & CO., PHAROAH & CO. BOMBAY—SMITH, TAYLOR, & CO.
CALCUTTA—COLVIN & CO.

No. XI.—August, 1854.

THE NEWCOMES ADVERTISER.

REDUCTION OF TEA DUTY.

No. 1, COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

PASSAM SMITH & COMPANY, in handing to their friends and customers a reduced List of Prices, in accordance with the altered Duty, beg to state that all Teas **sold by them** are of the **kind and quality specified** in that list; as for instance, the **Finest Souchong Tea** imported **is sold** by them at 5s. per lb., although from the spirit of competition in price, but certainly not in quality, second and third-rate puffing houses quote Best Lapsang Souchong, 3s. 8d., and Best Assam Souchong, 3s. 8d. If charged with falsehood by those who are acquainted with the fact, they excuse themselves by saying it is the best **they keep**, which is at once acknowledging that the **best never forms a part of their Stock;** the cost price, with the present low duty added, being **considerably more** than they profess to retail it at, and as their expenses are large they must have a profit, which, from the rubbish they sell under the name of **best**, is probably much larger than that derived by those dealers who sell really the finest and best imported at fair market value, and which are by far more economical to the consumer.

The same remarks are equally applicable to Coffee. It seems to be the practice with some dealers to quote "**Peculiarly rare and rich Mocha Coffee, 20 years old,**" at 1s. 6d. per lb., when the original price exceeds that at which they profess to sell it, and which, if 20 years' interest of money be added, would not leave them a bare profit even at 3s. per lb. A little reflection upon these matters would prevent the public from being so egregiously deceived, for it is manifestly improbable that any prudent or honest man would be constantly selling his goods at a loss.

BLACK TEAS.

	s.	d.
Sound Common Congou ..... per lb.	2	8
Good full-flavoured Congou .....2s. 10d. to	3	0
Fine rough, full-bodied Congou.....3s. 4d. to	3	8
Very fine Congou, similar to the late East India Company's true old Souchong flavour, highly recommended	4	0
Lapsang Souchong, true, rich, and strong.....	4	4
The very finest Lapsang Souchong imported.....	5	0
The peculiarly rich, new and extraordinary Hyson Pekoe.....	5	0
Fine to finest scented Orange Pekoe .....4s. to	5	0
Finest flowery Pekoe.....	5	0

This is the description so much patronised by the Russian and Austrian Courts, there known as Caravan Tea.

GREEN TEAS.

	s.	d.
Good Hyson kind, and Young Hyson .....per lb.	2	10
Fine Hyson	4	0
Hyson, superior ditto, strong, full flavoured	4	6
Very Fine Hyson.....	5	0
Hyson, first quality, close leaf, strongly recommended	5	4
Young Hyson, strong burnt.....3s. 6d. to	4	0
Ouchain, recommended.....	5	0
Gunpowder, Imperial, delicate flavour, recommended	4	0
Gunpowder, pearl leaf..... 3s. 6d. to	4	6
Gunpowder, fine, strong burnt .....5s. to	5	6
Gunpowder, fine close twisted leaf.....	6	0

For the convenience of Families residing in the country, whose consumption is not adequate to the purchase of an original package, P. S. & Co. continue to divide chests and half chests into quantities suitable to the buyers, thus enabling them to join together and reap advantages enjoyed by the larger buyers at this establishment.

COFFEES.

1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 8d. Best OLD MOCHA, 1s. 10d. All are perfectly genuine, and are not adulterated with Chicory or any other ingredient whatever.

TERMS:—Cash on the Delivery of Goods. From parties residing in the country, if accompanying their orders with a respectable reference, a remittance on the receipt of goods will be satisfactory.

PASSAM SMITH & COMPANY, Tea and Coffee Dealers,

1, COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

By Royal **Letters Patent.**

This day is published, price 21s., a Portfolio of Coloured Plates, being

A FEW LEAVES

REPRESENTED BY THE

"NATURE-PRINTING" PROCESS.

SHOWING

THE APPLICATION OF THIS ART FOR THE REPRODUCTION OF BOTANICAL AND OTHER NATURAL OBJECTS.

☞ *Each Plate may be had separately, price* 1s. 6d.

BRADBURY & EVANS, PATENTEES, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

Works on Gardening and Botany.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM; or, the Structure, CLASSIFICATION, AND USES OF PLANTS. Illustrated upon the Natural System. By Dr. LINDLEY, Ph. D., F.R.S., &c. Third Edition, enlarged and improved. Price 36s. cloth.

THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY; Structural and PHYSIOLOGICAL. By Dr. LINDLEY. With a Glossary of Technical Terms, and numerous Illustrations. Price 12s. cloth.

*** *The Glossary may be had separately, price 5s. cloth.*

THE ELEMENTS of MEDICAL and ECONOMICAL BOTANY. By Dr. LINDLEY. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. Price 14s. cloth.

SCHOOL BOTANY; or, The Rudiments of Botanical SCIENCE. By Dr. LINDLEY. A New Edition, greatly enlarged and corrected. With nearly 400 Illustrations. 8vo. Price 5s. 6d. half bound.

THE LADIES' COMPANION TO THE FLOWER-GARDEN. Being an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Ornamental Plants grown in Gardens and Shrubberies; with Full Directions for their Culture. By Mrs. LOUDON. The Sixth Edition, corrected to the present time. Price 7s. cloth.

PAXTON'S FLOWER-GARDEN. Edited by Sir Joseph PAXTON and Dr. LINDLEY. Each Volume is illustrated by 36 highly-finished Plates, and more than 200 beautiful Wood Engravings. Complete in Three Volumes. Price 33s. each, elegantly bound in cloth.

*** *This work is also published in 36 Monthly Parts, the whole of which may be procured by order of any Bookseller, price 2s. 6d. each.*

PAXTON'S BOTANICAL DICTIONARY. Comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Britain; with a full Explanation of Technical Terms. A New Edition. Crown 8vo. 16s.

HOW TO LAY OUT A SMALL GARDEN. Intended as a Guide to Amateurs, in Choosing, Forming, or Improving a Place (from a quarter of an acre to thirty acres in extent), with reference to both Design and Execution. By EDWARD KEMP, Landscape Gardener, Birkenhead Park. Price 3s. 6d., bound in cloth.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE HANDBOOK OF GARDENING. For the use of all Persons who possess a Garden of limited Extent. The Tenth Edition nlarged and improved. Price 2s. cloth.

PRACTICAL HINTS on ORNAMENTAL PLANTS AND PLANTING—with a Description of all Evergreens adopted for the Climate of Great Britain; the Cultivation of American Plants, the New Sikkim Rhododendrons, &c. By STANDISH & NOBLE. Price 5s., cloth.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

CRYSTAL PALACE, 1854.

GENERAL PUBLICATIONS.

Now ready, the following

OFFICIAL GUIDE AND HANDBOOKS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CONTENTS OF THE EXHIBITION:—

1. GENERAL GUIDE BOOK TO THE PALACE AND PARK. With numerous Illustrations and Plans. By SAMUEL PHILLIPS. 1*s.*
2. HANDBOOK TO THE EGYPTIAN COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By OWEN JONES and SAMUEL SHARPE. 6*d.*
3. HANDBOOK TO THE GREEK COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By GEORGE SCHARF, Jun. 8*d.*
4. HANDBOOK TO THE ROMAN COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By GEORGE SCHARF, Jun. 6*d.*
5. HANDBOOK TO THE ALHAMBRA COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By OWEN JONES. 8*d.*
6. HANDBOOK TO THE NINEVEH COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By A. H. LAYARD, M.P. 6*d.*
7. HANDBOOK TO THE BYZANTINE COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING. 8*d.*
8. HANDBOOK TO THE MEDIÆVAL COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING. 9*d.*
9. HANDBOOK TO THE RENAISSANCE COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING. 8*d.*
10. HANDBOOK TO THE ITALIAN COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING. 6*d.*
11. HANDBOOK TO THE POMPEIAN COURT. With Illustrations and Plans. By GEORGE SCHARF, Jun. 6*d.*
12. HANDBOOK TO THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN SCULPTURE. By Mrs. JAMESON. 6*d.*
13. AN APOLOGY FOR THE COLOURING OF THE GREEK COURT IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By OWEN JONES. 6*d.*
14. HOW TO SEE THE SCULPTURE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By RAFFAELE MONTI. (*In the Press.*)
15. THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE. Described by SAMUEL PHILLIPS. 1*s.* 6*d.*
16. HANDBOOK TO THE ETHNOLOGICAL AND ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENTS. With Illustrations. By PROFESSOR EDWARD FORBES and DR. LATHAM. 6*d.*
17. THE EXTINCT ANIMALS AND GEOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS DESCRIBED. With Plan and Drawings. By PROFESSOR OWEN. 3*d.*
18. THE CRYSTAL PALACE INDUSTRIAL DIRECTORY. 3*d.*

*** *The above may be had, handsomely bound in Three Volumes, price* 4*s.* 6*d. each.*

These Guides, being the only books published under the authority of the Company, may be had at the PALACE, and at all Booksellers and Railway Stations, and of

BRADBURY & EVANS, Printers and Publishers to the Crystal Palace Company, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

On Monday, the Seventh of August, will be published, carefully Revised and wholly Reprinted—in One Volume, price Five Shillings,

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

On the 20th July were published, price 10s. each, handsomely and strongly bound in cloth,

VOLUME II. OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL DIVISION, AND VOLUME II. OF THE NATURAL HISTORY DIVISION OF

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

☞ A Number of the Cyclopædia is published every Saturday, price 6d. ; one week a number of GEOGRAPHY—the next a number of NATURAL HISTORY ; and a Part, price 2s, on the last day of every month.

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, Bouverie-street, and to be had by order of all Booksellers and Newsvenders.

NEW TALE BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

On the 31st July was published, price Elevenpence,

PART 52 OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

CONTAINING FIVE WEEKLY PORTIONS OF

"HARD TIMES,"

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

OFFICE: 16, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND; and Sold by all Booksellers and Newsvenders.

This day, in fcap., cloth, price 8s.,

MOUBRAY'S TREATISE ON DOMESTIC AND ORNAMENTAL POULTRY.

New Edition, revised and greatly enlarged by L. A. MEALL, with the Diseases of Poultry, by Dr. HORNER. With Coloured Illustrations.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOLD CHAINS.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN beg to announce that they have TAKEN SPACE in the CRYSTAL PALACE, with a view of giving universal publicity to the principle of SELLING GOLD CHAINS by Weight and Workmanship. To those who have not yet tested its value, the following examples will be found useful, showing the relative prices paid for LABOUR in the purchase of a genuine, and of a spurious Gold Chain.

GENUINE GOLD CHAIN.	£	s.	d.
Assumed cost of Gold Chain, of equal weight ...	10	0	0
Intrinsic value (if the Gold is of 15 carats)	7	0	0
Left for labour and profit	3	0	0

ELECTRO-GILT, OR POLISHED ZINC-GOLD CHAIN.	£	s.	d.
Assumed cost of Gold Chain, of equal weight ...	10	0	0
Intrinsic value (if the Gold is of 7¼ carats)	3	10	0
Left, for labour and profit.....	6	10	0

Difference, 115 per cent.

WATHERSTON & BROGDEN, Goldsmiths, Crystal Palace, Central Transept, No. 23, Gallery of Precious Metals.

MANUFACTORY: 16, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1798.

NEW WORKS.

This day is published, handsomely bound, with Illustrations and Plans, &c., price Half-a-Crown,

BUXTON AND THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

A HANDBOOK TO THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE and to the USE OF THE BUXTON MINERAL WATERS.

By WILLIAM HENRY ROBERTSON, M.D., Senior Physician to the Buxton Bath Charity.

This forms a COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUXTON IN 1854; and includes PLANS OF THE PEAK and of the surrounding neighbourhood, with a DIRECTORY OF THE DISTANCES, ROUTES, HOTELS, &c. Also a BOTANICAL APPENDIX. By MISS HAWKINS.

In Two Volumes, Demy 8vo, price 25s.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

A New and Enlarged Edition.

Uniform with CUNNINGHAM'S EDITION OF GOLDSMITH'S WORKS.

*** Not only are numerous corrections to every former publication on the subject here made, and a great many new facts brought forward; but each fact, whether new or old, is given from its first authority, and no quotation has been made at second-hand.

Complete in Eight Volumes, small 8vo, price 32s.,

THE COLLECTED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CONTENTS:—Men of Character—St. Giles and St. James—Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures—The Story of a Feather—The Sick Giant and the Doctor Dwarf—Cakes and Ale—Punch's Letters to his Son—Punch's Complete Letter Writer—Sketches of the English—A Man Made of Money—Comedies and Dramas.

*** Either Volume may be had separately, price 4s. each.

In one 4to volume, Price 21s. in cloth,

A NEW EDITION OF

THE FOREIGN TOUR OF MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, & ROBINSON,

Being the History of what they saw and did in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

BY RICHARD DOYLE.

Publishing in Monthly Parts, price One Shilling each,

HANDLEY CROSS; OR, MR. JORROCKS'S HUNT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. SPONGE'S TOUR."

Illustrated with Coloured Plates and Numerous Woodcuts by JOHN LEECH.

UNIFORMLY WITH "SPONGE'S TOUR."

Price 10s. 6d., neatly bound in cloth, complete in Three Vols.,

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

WITH FRONTISPIECES FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. TOPHAM.

Corrected and Revised from "HOUSEHOLD WORDS," with a Table of Dates.

*** Either Volume may be had separately.

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

SLACK'S NICKEL SILVER

Is the hardest and most perfect White Metal ever invented: made into every Article for the Table, as Spoons, Forks, Candlesticks, Cruet Frames, Tea Pots, &c., at one-twelfth the price of Silver. A sample Tea Spoon will be sent on receipt of 10 postage stamps.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Strong Fiddle.	Thread Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Table Spoons & Forks per doz.	12s. & 15s.	19s.	28s.	30s.
Dessert ditto	10s. & 13s.	16s.	21s.	25s.
Tea Spoons	5s. & 6s.	8s.	11s.	12s.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED.

R. and J. S. call attention to their NICKEL SILVER ELECTRO-PLATED, which cannot be distinguished from Sterling Silver.

	2nd Quality.	1st Quality.
Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen	30s.	40s.
Dessert ditto ditto ditto	20s.	30s.
Tea Spoons, per dozen	12s.	18s.

Also every article or the Table.

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY AND FURNISHING IRONMONGERY

Has been celebrated for 35 years for Quality and Cheapness.

Their Catalogue of Drawings and Prices may be had gratis, or sent post free. Orders above £2 sent carriage-free, per rail, within 200 miles.

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK, 336, Strand, opposite Somerset House.

SUMMER.

THE recurrence of the summer solstice invites the full display of Female Beauty —adorning the Fashionable Promenade, the Ride, and Drive; in all cases, *fervid heat*, and its concomitant, *dust*, materially injure the skin, producing *Sunburn*, *Tan*, *Freckles*, and *Discolourations*, of an almost indelible character. To obviate and eradicate these baneful results, recourse may with confidence be had to

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

A preparation of vital importance to the sustainment of Female Beauty. It exerts the most *soothing*, *gentle*, *cooling*, and *purifying* action on the skin, and by its agency on the pores and minute secretory vessels, dispels all impurities from the surface, allays every tendency to inflammation, and thus effectually dissipates all Redness, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Freckles, and other cutaneous visitations. Its constant use will transform the *bilious and clouded* COMPLEXION to one of *clear* and *blooming*; while it invests the NECK, HANDS, and ARMS, with *delicacy* and *fairness*, and perpetuates the charms which it bestows to the most advanced period of life. Sold in bottles at 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. each.

CAUTION!—The words "ROWLAND'S KALYDOR" are on the wrapper. Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by all Chemists and Perfumers.

RUPTURES—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

THE MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided: a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d.
,, Double ,, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d.

Post-office orders to be made payable to John White, Post-office, Piccadilly.

LAMPS, OIL, CANDLES, SOAP, ETC.

AT the WHOLESALE PRICE for CASH, at the ALBANY LAMP and CANDLE MANUFACTORY, 55, ALBANY-STREET, REGENT'S-PARK.

Country orders amounting to £10 or upwards carriage-free. Price lists sent on application.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.—The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support, in all cases of WEAKNESS, and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s.

MANUFACTORY, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

STOOPING of the SHOULDERS, CONTRACTION OF THE CHEST, and GROWING OUT OF THE SHOULDERS, have been removed in youth and adults in many thousand cases during the last ten years by BINYON'S PATENT CHEST EXPANDER, being highly recommended by the most eminent surgeons in the kingdom. Particulars and mode of measurement sent on receipt of a stamped envelope by ALFRED BINYON, 2, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street.

VICTORIA NEEDLES.—A Morocco Leather PURSE, containing 100 of the finest quality Cast Steel NEEDLES, assorted of the most useful sizes, and a Steel BODKIN, forwarded free, by post, on receipt of twelve Postage Stamps.—Apply to MAPPLEBECK & LOWE, Birmingham.

DR. DE JONGH'S
LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

PREPARED FOR

MEDICINAL USE IN THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY,

AND PUT TO THE TEST OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

The most effectual Remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Gout, Chronic Rheumatism, and all Scrofulous Diseases.

APPROVED of and recommended by BERZELIUS, LIEBIG, WOEHLER, JONATHAN PEREIRA, FOUQUIER, and numerous other distinguished scientific chemists in Europe.

Prescribed by the most eminent physicians, and administered in the leading hospitals of Europe.

Specially rewarded with Medals by the Governments of Belgium and the Netherlands.

Has almost entirely superseded all other kinds on the Continent, in consequence of its proved superior power and efficacy—effecting a cure much more rapidly.

Contains iodine, phosphate of chalk, volatile acid, and the elements of the bile—in short, all the most active and essential principles—in larger quantities than the pale oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, deprived mainly of these by their mode of preparation, too frequently made from unhealthy livers, and almost invariably adulterated with oil of poppy and almonds, skate oil, and other foreign ingredients.

The following are selected from some of the leading Medical and Scientific Testimonials in favour of Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil:—

BARON LIEBIG, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Giessen, &c. &c.

"Sir,—I have the honour of addressing you my warmest thanks for your attention in forwarding me your work on the chemical composition and properties, as well as on the medicinal effects, of various kinds of Cod Liver Oil.

"You have rendered an essential service to science by your researches, and your efforts to provide sufferers with this medicine in its purest and most genuine state must ensure you the gratitude of every one who stands in need of its use.

"I have the honour of remaining, with expressions of the highest regard and esteem,

"Yours sincerely,

"Giessen, *Oct.* 30, 1847. "DR. JUSTUS LIEBIG.

"To Dr. DE JONGH, at the Hague."

The late **DR. JONATHAN PEREIRA,** Professor at the University of London, Author of "The Elements of Materia Medica, and Therapeutics," &c. &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medical purposes no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed) "JONATHAN PEREIRA.

"Finsbury Square, London, *April* 16, 1851.

"To Dr. DE JONGH."

Sold Wholesale and Retail, in Bottles, labelled with Dr. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, by

ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, Strand,

Sole Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and British Possessions, and by respectable Chemists and Vendors of Medicine in Town and Country, at the following prices:—

Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

*** *Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring the Oil, Messrs. ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO. are prepared to forward Four Half-Pint Bottles, carefully packed in a Box, by Railway, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of a remittance of Ten Shillings.*

THE

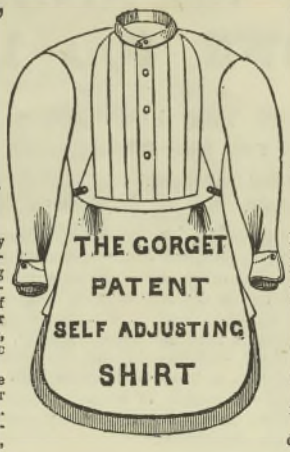
ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN AT THE BACK.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

THE GORGET combines novelty with perfection of Fit, is acknowledged by all to be the easiest fitting Shirt yet made, and, by a simple invention of the Patentees, adjusts itself to all movements of the body, either walking, sitting, or riding. Price, including the REGISTERED ELLIPTIC WRISTBAND, 42s. the half-dozen.

The ELLIPTIC 3-fold COLLAR, quite unique, in all shapes, with PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING, 12s. the dozen. The PATENT ELASTIC COLLAR FASTENING can be attached to any Collar, opening back or front. Six sent by Post on receipt of 13 Postage Stamps.



THE

ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN IN FRONT.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

Directions for Measurement.

1. Round the Chest, over the Shirt.
2. Round the Waist, over the Shirt.
3. Round the Neck, middle of Throat.
4. Round the Wrist.
5. Length of Coat Sleeve, from centre of Back, down seam of Sleeve, to bottom of Cuff.
6. Length of Shirt at back.

The first four measures must be taken *tight*.

Say if the Shirts are to open back or front.

If with Collars attached (3s. the half-dozen extra).

If Buttons or Studs in Front.

If Buttons or Studs at Wrist.

Sample Shirt forwarded upon receipt of a Post Office Order for 8s. 6d.

PATENTEES,

COOPER AND FRYER,

NEXT DOOR TO THE HAYMARKET THEATRE,

And CRYSTAL PALACE, SOUTH GALLERY.

PARASOLS.

THE demand for a much better and more elegant description of Parasol having prevailed during the last few years,

W. & J. SANGSTER

have again had manufactured in Lyons and Spitalfields to their order some very rich and costly patterns, of which they respectfully solicit an inspection.

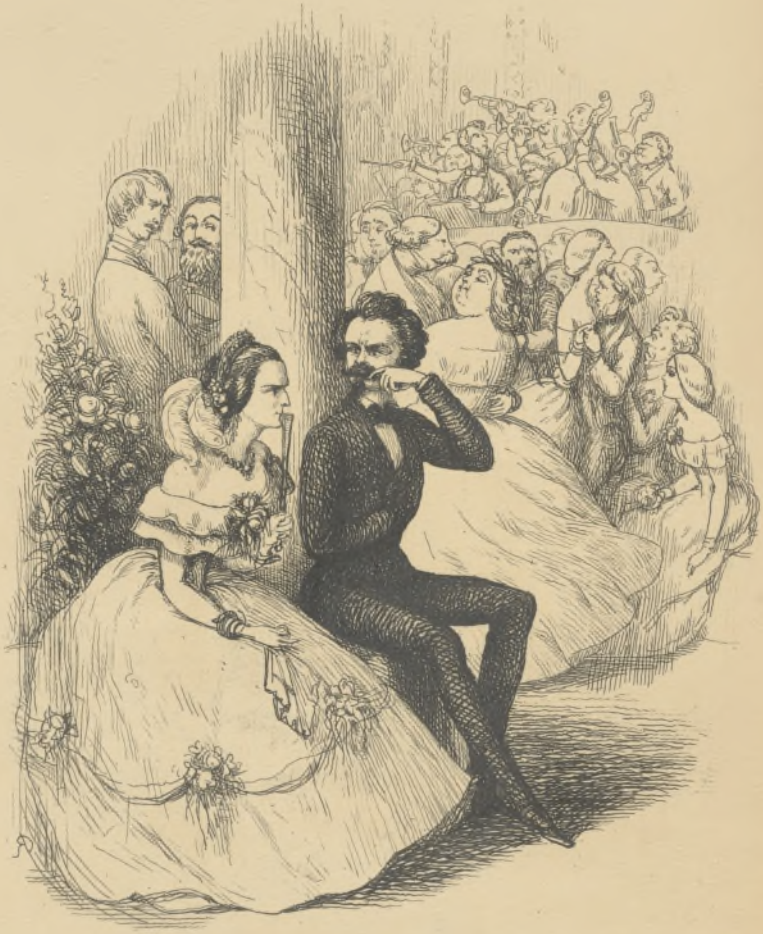
W. & J. S. also beg to say they will receive, in a few weeks, from Canton, another parcel of China Crape Parasol Covers, made expressly for their house, which article was so much admired last season.

Alpaca Parasols are particularly recommended for the sea-side and garden, on account of their great durability.

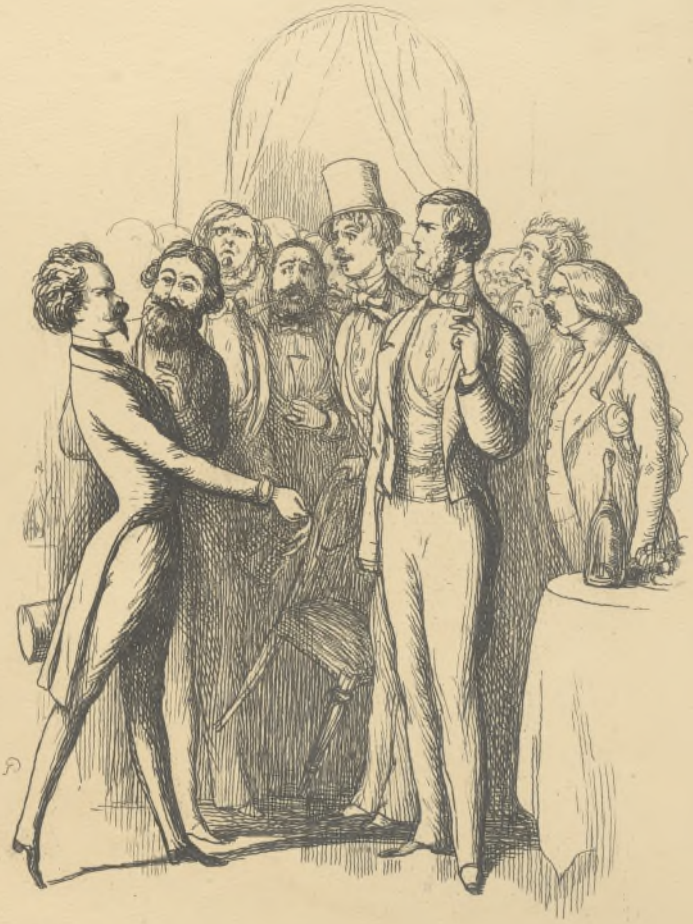
140, Regent Street. **10, Royal Exchange.**

94, Fleet Street. **75, Cheapside.**

EXTREMELY LIGHT UMBRELLAS FOR LADIES, ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.



Laying a Train.



The Explosion.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LADY KEW AT THE CONGRESS.

HEN Lady Kew heard that Madame d'Ivry was at Baden, and was informed at once of the French lady's graciousness towards the Newcome family, and of her fury against Lord Kew, the old Countess gave a loose to that energetic temper with which nature had gifted her; a temper which she tied up sometimes and kept from barking and biting; but which when unmuzzled was an animal of whom all her ladyship's family had a just apprehension. Not one of them but in his or her time had been wounded, lacerated, tumbled over, otherwise frightened or injured by this unruly brute. The cowards brought it sops and patted it; the prudent gave it a clear berth, and walked round so as not to meet it; but woe be to those of the family who had to bring the meal, and prepare the litter, and (to speak respectfully) share the kennel with Lady Kew's "Black Dog!" Surely a fine furious temper, if accompanied with a certain magnanimity and bravery which often go together with it, is one of the most precious and fortunate gifts with which a gentleman or lady can be endowed. A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration amongst his or her family circle. The lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner; and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we

playfully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room; nor do her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, venture to take her favourite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her head-ache; and papa, who hates those dreadful soirées, will go up-stairs after dinner and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning—he will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and when they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and not one dares to say a word though ever so hungry. If he is in a good humour, how every one frisks about and is happy! How the servants jump up at his bell and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they rush out to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas for you and me, who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or to complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliners and send us the bill, and we pay it; our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell, and brings it to us; our sons loll in the arm-chair which we should like; fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people's, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen. When Lady Kew said *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, I promise you few persons of her ladyship's belongings stopped, before they did her biddings, to ask her reasons.

If, which very seldom happens, there are two such imperious and domineering spirits in a family, unpleasantries of course will arise from their contentions; or, if out of doors, the family Bajazet meets with some other violent Turk, dreadful battles ensue, all the allies on either side are brought in, and the surrounding neighbours perforce engaged in the quarrel. This was unluckily the case in the present instance. Lady Kew, unaccustomed to have her will questioned at home, liked to impose it abroad. She judged the persons around her with great freedom of speech. Her opinions were quoted, as people's sayings will be; and if she made bitter speeches, depend on it they lost nothing in the carrying. She was furious against Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, and exploded in various companies whenever that lady's name was mentioned. "Why was she not with her husband? Why was the poor old duke left to his gout, and this woman trailing through the country with her vagabond court of billiard-markers at her heels? She to call herself Mary Queen of Scots, forsooth!—well, she merited the title in some respects, though she had not murdered her husband as yet. Ah! I should like to be Queen Elizabeth if the Duchess is Queen of Scots!" said the old lady, shaking her old fist. And these sentiments being uttered in public, upon the Promenade, to mutual

friends, of course the Duchess had the benefit of Lady Kew's remarks a few minutes after they were uttered; and her Grace, and the distinguished princes, counts, and noblemen in her court, designated as billiard-markers by the old Countess, returned the latter's compliments with pretty speeches of their own. Scandals were dug up respecting her ladyship, so old that one would have thought them forgotten these forty years,—so old that they happened before most of the Newcomes now extant were born, and surely therefore out of the province of this contemporary biography. Lady Kew was indignant with her daughter (there were some moments when *any* conduct of her friends did not meet her ladyship's approbation) even for the scant civility with which Lady Anne had received the Duchess's advances. "Leave a card upon her!—yes, send a card by one of your footmen; but go in to see her—because she was at the window and saw you drive up.—Are you mad, Anne? That was the very reason you should not have come out of your carriage. But you are so weak and good-natured, that if a highwayman stopped you, you would say, 'Thank you, sir,' as you gave him your purse: yes, and if Mrs. Macheath called on you afterwards you would return the visit!"

Even had these speeches been made *about* the Duchess, and some of them not addressed to her, things might have gone on pretty well. If we quarrelled with all the people who abuse us behind our backs, and began to tear their eyes out as soon as we set ours on them, what a life it would be, and when should we have any quiet? Backbiting is all fair in society. Abuse me, and I will abuse you; but let us be friends when we meet. Have not we all entered a dozen rooms, and been sure, from the countenances of the amiable persons present, that they had been discussing our little peculiarities, perhaps as we were on the stairs? Was our visit, therefore, the less agreeable? Did we quarrel and say hard words to one another's faces? No—we wait until some of our dear friends take their leave, and then comes our turn. My back is at my neighbour's service; as soon as that is turned let him make what faces he thinks proper: but when we meet we grin and shake hands like well-bred folk, to whom clean linen is not more necessary than a clean sweet-looking countenance, and a nicely got-up smile, for company.

Here was Lady Kew's mistake. She wanted, for some reason, to drive Madame d'Ivry out of Baden; and thought there were no better means of effecting this object than by using the high hand, and practising those frowns upon the Duchess which had scared away so many other persons. But the Queen of Scots was resolute, too, and her band of courtiers fought stoutly round about her. Some of them could not pay their bills, and could not retreat: others had courage, and did not choose to fly. Instead of coaxing and soothing Madame d'Ivry, Madame de Kew thought by a brisk attack to rout and dislodge her. She began on almost the very first occasion when the ladies met. "I was so sorry to hear that Monsieur le Duc was ill at

Bagnères, Madame la Duchesse," the old lady began on their very first meeting, after the usual salutations had taken place.

"Madame la Comtesse is very kind to interest herself in Monsieur d'Ivry's health. Monsieur le Duc at his age is not disposed to travel. You, dear miladi, are more happy in being always able to retain the *gout des voyages!*"

"I come to my family! my dear Duchess."

"How charmed they must be to possess you! Miladi Ann, you must be inexpressibly consoled by the presence of a mother so tender! Permit me to present Madame la Comtesse de la Crûche-Cassée to Madame la Comtesse de Kew. Miladi is sister to that amiable Marquis of Steyne, whom you have known, Ambrosine! Madame la Baronne de Schlangenbad, Miladi Kew. Do you not see the resemblance to milor? These ladies have enjoyed the hospitalities—the splendours of Gaunt House. They were of those famous routs of which the charming Mistress Crawly, *la sémillante Becki*, made part! How sad the Hôtel de Gaunt must be under the present circumstances! Have you heard, miladi, of the charming Mistress Becki? Monsieur le Duc describes her as the most spirituelle Englishwoman he ever met." The Queen of Scots turns and whispers her lady of honour, and shrugs and taps her forehead. Lady Kew knows that Madame d'Ivry speaks of her nephew, the present Lord Steyne, who is not in his right mind. The Duchess looks round, and sees a friend in the distance whom she beckons. "Comtesse, you know already Monsieur the Captain Blackball? He makes the delight of our society!" A dreadful man with a large cigar, a florid waistcoat, and billiards written on his countenance, swaggers forward at the Duchess's summons. The Countess of Kew has not gained much by her attack. She has been presented to Crûche-Cassée and Schlangenbad. She sees herself on the eve of becoming the acquaintance of Captain Blackball.

"Permit me, Duchess, to choose my *English* friends at least for myself," says Lady Kew, drumming her foot.

"But, madam, assuredly! You do not love this good Monsieur de Blackball? Eh! the English manners are droll, pardon me for saying so. It is wonderful how proud you are as a nation, and how ashamed you are of your compatriots!"

"There are some persons who are ashamed of nothing, Madame la Duchesse," cries Lady Kew, losing her temper.

"Is that *gracieuseté* for me? How much goodness! This good Monsieur de Blackball is not very well bred; but, for an Englishman, he is not too bad. I have met with people who are more ill-bred than Englishmen in my travels."

"And they are?" said Lady Ann, who had been in vain endeavouring to put an end to this colloquy.

"English women, madam! I speak not for you. You are kind; you—you are too soft, dear Lady Ann, for a persecutor."

The counsels of the worldly woman who governed and directed that

branch of the Newcome family of whom it is our business to speak now for a little while, bore other results than those which the elderly lady desired, and foresaw. Who can foresee everything and always? Not the wisest among us. When his Majesty, Louis XIV., jockeyed his grandson on to the throne of Spain (founding thereby the present revered dynasty of that country), did he expect to peril his own, and bring all Europe about his royal ears? Could a late king of France, eager for the advantageous establishment of one of his darling sons, and anxious to procure a beautiful Spanish princess, with a crown and kingdom in reversion, for the simple and obedient youth, ever suppose that the welfare of his whole august race and reign would be upset by that smart speculation? We take only the most noble examples to illustrate the conduct of such a noble old personage as her ladyship of Kew, who brought a prodigious deal of trouble upon some of the innocent members of her family, whom no doubt she thought to better in life by her experienced guidance, and undoubted worldly wisdom We may be as deep as Jesuits, know the world ever so well, lay the best ordered plans, and the profoundest combinations, and by a certain not unnatural turn of fate, we, and our plans and combinations, are sent flying before the wind. We may be as wise as Louis Philippe, that many-counselled Ulysses whom the respectable world admired so; and after years of patient scheming, and prodigies of skill, after coaxing, wheedling, doubling, bullying, wisdom, behold yet stronger powers interpose: and schemes, and skill and violence, are nought.

Frank and Ethel, Lady Kew's grandchildren, were both the obedient subjects of this ancient despot: this imperious old Louis XIV. in a black front and a cap and ribbon, this scheming old Louis Philippe in tabinet; but their blood was good and their tempers high; and for all her bitting and driving, and the training of her *manège*, the generous young colts were hard to break. Ethel, at this time, was especially stubborn in training, rebellious to the whip, and wild under harness; and the way in which Lady Kew managed her won the admiration of her family: for it was a maxim among these folks that no one could manage Ethel but Lady Kew. Barnes said no one could manage his siste· but his grandmother. He couldn't, that was certain. Mamma never tried, and indeed was so good-natured, that rather than ride the filly, she would put the saddle on her own back and let the filly ride her; no, there was no one but her ladyship capable of managing that girl, Barnes owned, who held Lady Kew in much respect and awe. "If the tightest hand were not kept on her, there's no knowing what she mightn't do," said her brother. "Ethel Newcome, by Jove, is capable of running away with the writing-master."

After poor Jack Belsize's mishap and departure, Barnes's own bride showed no spirit at all, save one of placid contentment. She came at call and instantly, and went through whatever paces her owner demanded of her. She laughed whenever need was, simpered and smiled when spoken to, danced whenever she was asked; drove out at Barnes's side in

Kew's phaeton, and received him certainly not with warmth, but with politeness and welcome. It is difficult to describe the scorn with which her sister-in-law regarded her. The sight of the patient timid little thing chafed Ethel, who was always more haughty and flighty, and bold when in Clara's presence than at any other time. Her ladyship's brother, Captain Lord Viscount Rooster, before mentioned, joined the family party at this interesting juncture. My lord Rooster found himself surprised, delighted, subjugated by Miss Newcome, her wit and spirit. "By Jove, she is a plucky one," his lordship exclaimed. "To dance with her is the best fun in life. How she pulls all the other girls to pieces, by Jove, and how splendidly she chaffs everybody! But," he added with the shrewdness and sense of humour which distinguished the young officer, "I'd rather dance with her than marry her—by a doosid long score—I don't envy you that part of the business Kew, my boy." Lord Kew did not set himself up as a person to be envied. He thought his cousin beautiful: and with his grandmother, that she would make a very handsome countess, and he thought the money which Lady Kew would give or leave to the young couple a very welcome addition to his means.

On the next night, when there was a ball at the room, Miss Ethel chose to appear in a toilette the very grandest and finest which she had ever assumed, who was ordinarily exceedingly simple in her attire, and dressed below the mark of the rest of the world. Her clustering ringlets, her shining white shoulders, her splendid raiment (I believe indeed it was her court-dress which the young lady assumed) astonished all beholders. She *écrasé'd* all other beauties by her appearance; so much so that Madame d'Ivry's court could not but look, the men in admiration, the women in dislike, at this dazzling young creature. None of the countesses, duchesses, princesses, Russ, Spanish, Italian, were so fine or so handsome. There were some New York ladies at Baden as there are everywhere else in Europe now. Not even these were more magnificent than Miss Ethel. General Jeremiah J. Bung's lady owned that Miss Newcome was fit to appear in any party in Fourth avenue. She was the only well-dressed English girl Mrs. Bung had seen in Europe. A young German Durchlaucht deigned to explain to his aide-de-camp how very handsome he thought Miss Newcome. All our acquaintances were of one mind. Mr. Jones of England pronounced her stunning; the admirable Captain Blackball examined her points with the skill of an *amateur*, and described them with agreeable frankness. Lord Rooster was charmed as he surveyed her, and complimented his late companion in arms on the possession of such a paragon. Only Lord Kew was not delighted—nor did Miss Ethel mean that he should be. She looked as splendid as Cinderella in the prince's palace. But what need for all this splendour? this wonderful toilette? this dazzling neck and shoulders, whereof the brightness and beauty blinded the eyes of lookers on? She was dressed as gaudily as an actress of the Variétés going to a supper at the Trois Frères. "It

was Mademoiselle Mabille *en habit de cour*," Madame d'Ivry remarked to Madame Schlangenbad. Barnes who with his bride-elect for a partner made a vis-à-vis for his sister and the admiring Lord Rooster, was puzzled likewise by Ethel's countenance and appearance. Little Lady Clara looked like a little school-girl dancing before her.

One, two, three, of the attendants of her Majesty the Queen of Scots were carried off in the course of the evening by the victorious young beauty, whose triumph had the effect, which the headstrong girl perhaps herself anticipated, of mortifying the Duchesse d'Ivry, of exasperating old Lady Kew, and of annoying the young nobleman to whom Miss Ethel was engaged. The girl seemed to take a pleasure in defying all three, a something embittered her, alike against her friends and her enemies. The old dowager chafed and vented her wrath upon Lady Anne and Barnes. Ethel kept the ball alive by herself almost. She refused to go home, declining hints and commands alike. She was engaged for ever so many dances more. Not dance with Count Punter? it would be rude to leave him after promising him. Not waltz with Captain Blackball? He was not a proper partner for her. Why then did Kew know him? Lord Kew walked and talked with Captain Blackball every day. Was she to be so proud as not to know Lord Kew's friends? She greeted the Captain with a most fascinating smile as he came up whilst the controversy was pending, and ended it by whirling round the room in his arms.

Madame d'Ivry viewed with such pleasure as might be expected the defection of her adherents, and the triumph of her youthful rival, who seemed to grow more beautiful with each waltz, so that the other dancers paused to look at her, the men breaking out in enthusiasm, the reluctant women being forced to join in the applause. Angry as she was, and knowing how Ethel's conduct angered her grandson, old Lady Kew could not help admiring the rebellious beauty, whose girlish spirit was more than a match for the imperious dowager's tough old resolution. As for Mr. Barnes's displeasure, the girl tossed her saucy head, shrugged her fair shoulders, and passed on with a scornful laugh. In a word, Miss Ethel conducted herself as a most reckless and intrepid young flirt, using her eyes with the most consummate effect, chattering with astounding gaiety, prodigal of smiles, gracious thanks and killing glances. What wicked spirit moved her? Perhaps had she known the mischief she was doing, she would have continued it still.

The sight of this wilfulness and levity smote poor Lord Kew's honest heart with cruel pangs of mortification. The easy young nobleman had passed many a year of his life in all sorts of wild company. The chaumière knew him, and the balls of Parisian actresses, the coulisses of the opera at home and abroad. Those pretty heads of ladies whom nobody knows, used to nod their shining ringlets at Kew, from private boxes at theatres, or dubious Park-broughams. He had run the career of young men of pleasure, and laughed and feasted with jolly prodigals and their company. He was tired of it: perhaps he remembered an

earlier and purer life, and was sighing to return to it. Living as he had done amongst the outcasts, his ideal of domestic virtue was high and pure. He chose to believe that good women were entirely good. Duplicity he could not understand; ill temper shocked him: wilfulness he seemed to fancy belonged only to the profane and wicked, not to good girls, with good mothers, in honest homes. Their nature was to love their families; to obey their parents; to tend their poor; to honour their husbands; to cherish their children. Ethel's laugh woke him up from one of these simple reveries very likely, and then she swept round the ball-room rapidly, to the brazen notes of the orchestra. He never offered to dance with her more than once in the evening; went away to play, and returned to find her still whirling to the music. Madame d'Ivry remarked his tribulation and gloomy face, though she took no pleasure at his discomfiture, knowing that Ethel's behaviour caused it.

In plays and novels, and I daresay in real life too sometimes, when the wanton heroine chooses to exert her powers of fascination, and to flirt with Sir Harry, or the Captain, the hero, in a pique, goes off and makes love to somebody else: both acknowledge their folly after a while, shake hands and are reconciled, and the curtain drops, or the volume ends. But there are some people too noble and simple for these amorous scenes and smirking artifices. When Kew was pleased he laughed, when he was grieved he was silent. He did not deign to hide his grief or pleasure under disguises. His error, perhaps, was in forgetting that Ethel was very young; that her conduct was not design so much as girlish mischief and high spirits; and that if young men have their frolics, sow their wild oats, and enjoy their pleasure, young women may be permitted sometimes their more harmless vagaries of gaiety, and sportive outbreaks of wilful humour.

When she consented to go home at length, Lord Kew brought Miss Newcome's little white cloak for her (under the hood of which her glossy curls, her blushing cheeks, and bright eyes looked provokingly handsome), and encased her in this pretty garment without uttering one single word. She made him a saucy curtsey in return for this act of politeness, which salutation he received with a grave bow; and then he proceeded to cover up old Lady Kew, and to conduct her ladyship to her chariot. Miss Ethel chose to be displeased at her cousin's displeasure. What were balls made for but that people should dance? She a flirt? She displease Lord Kew? If she chose to dance, he would dance; she had no idea of his giving himself airs, besides! was such fun taking away the gentlemen of Mary Queen of Scots' court from her: such capital fun! So she went to bed, singing and performing wonderful roulades as she lighted her candle, and retired to her room. She had had such a jolly evening! such famous fun, and, I daresay, (but how shall a novelist penetrate these mysteries?) when her chamber door was closed, she scolded her maid and was as cross as two sticks. You see there come moments of sorrow after the most brilliant victories; and you conquer and rout the enemy utterly, and then you regret that you fought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE END OF THE CONGRESS OF BADEN.

ENTION has been made of an elderly young person from Ireland, engaged by Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, as companion and teacher of English for her little daughter. When Miss O'Grady, as she did some time afterwards, quitted Madame d'Ivry's family, she spoke with great freedom regarding the behaviour of that duchess, and recounted horrors which she, the latter, had committed, A number of the most terrific anecdotes issued from the lips of the indignant Miss, whose volubility Lord Kew was obliged to check, not choosing that his countess, with whom he was paying a bridal visit to Paris, should hear such dreadful legends. It was there that Miss O'Grady, finding herself in misfortune, and reading of Lord Kew's arrival at the Hôtel Bristol, waited upon his lordship and the Countess of Kew, begging them to take tickets in a raffle for an invaluable ivory writing-desk, sole relic of her former property, which she proposed to give her friends the chance of acquiring in fact. Miss O'Grady lived for some years on the produce of repeated raffles for this beautiful desk: many religious ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, taking an interest in her misfortunes, and alleviating them by the simple lottery system. Protestants as well as Catholics were permitted to take shares in Miss O'Grady's raffles; and Lord Kew, goodnatured then as always, purchased so many tickets, that the contrite O'Grady informed him of a transaction which had nearly affected his happiness, and in which she took a not very creditable share. "Had I known your lordship's real character," Miss O'G. was pleased to say, "no tortures would have induced me to do an act

for which I have undergone penance. It was that black-hearted woman, my lord, who maligned your lordship to me: that woman whom I called friend once, but who is the most false, depraved, and dangerous of her sex." In this way do ladies' companions sometimes speak of ladies when quarrels separate them, when confidential attendants are dismissed, bearing away family secrets in their minds, and revenge in their hearts.

The day after Miss Ethel's feats at the assembly, old Lady Kew went over to advise her grand-daughter, and to give her a little timely warning about the impropriety of flirtations; above all, with such men as are to be found at watering-places, persons who are never seen elsewhere in society. "Remark the peculiarities of Kew's temper, who never flies into a passion like you and me, my dear," said the old lady, (being determined to be particularly gracious and cautious); "when once angry he remains so, and is so obstinate that it is almost impossible to coax him into good humour. It is much better, my love, to be like us," continued the old lady, "to fly out in a rage and have it over, but *que voulez vous?* such is Frank's temper, and we must manage him." So she went on, backing her advice by a crowd of examples drawn from the family history; showing how Kew was like his grandfather, her own poor husband; still more like his late father, Lord Walham, between whom and his mother there had been differences, chiefly brought on by my Lady Walham of course, which had ended in the almost total estrangement of mother and son. Lady Kew then administered her advice, and told her stories with Ethel alone for a listener; and in a most edifying manner, she besought Miss Newcome to *ménager* Lord Kew's susceptibilities, as she valued her own future comfort in life, as well as the happiness of a most amiable man, of whom, if properly managed, Ethel might make what she pleased, We have said Lady Kew managed everybody, and that most of the members of her family allowed themselves to be managed by her ladyship.

Ethel, who had permitted her grandmother to continue her sententious advice, while she herself sat tapping her feet on the floor, and performing the most rapid variations of that air which is called the Devil's Tattoo, burst out, at length, to the elder lady's surprise, with an outbreak of indignation, a flushing face, and a voice quivering with anger.

"This most amiable man," she cried out, "that you design for me, I know everything about this most amiable man, and thank you and my family for the present you make me! For the past year, what have you been doing? Everyone of you! my father, my brother, and you yourself, have been filling my ears with cruel reports against a poor boy, whom you choose to depict as everything that was dissolute and wicked, when there was nothing against him; nothing, but that he was poor. Yes, you yourself, grandmamma, have told me many and many a time, that Clive Newcome was not a fit companion for us; warned me against his bad courses, and painted him as extravagant, unprincipled,

I don't know how bad. How bad! I know how good he is; how upright, generous, and truth-telling: though there was not a day until lately, that Barnes did not make some wicked story against him,—Barnes, who, I believe, is bad himself, like—like other young men. Yes, I am sure, there was something about Barnes in that newspaper which my father took away from me. And you come, and you lift up your hands, and shake your head, because I dance with one gentleman or another. You tell me I am wrong; mamma has told me so this morning. Barnes, of course, has told me so, and you bring me Frank as a pattern, and tell me to love and honour and obey *him!* Look here," and she drew out a paper and put it into Lady Kew's hands. "Here is Kew's history, and I believe it is true; yes, I am sure it is true."

The old dowager lifted her eyeglass to her black eyebrow, and read a paper written in English, and bearing no signature, in which many circumstances of Lord Kew's life were narrated for poor Ethel's benefit. It was not a worse life than that of a thousand young men of pleasure, but there were Kew's many misdeeds set down in order: such a catalogue as we laugh at when Leporello trolls it, and sings his master's victories in France, Italy, and Spain. Madame d'Ivry's name was not mentioned in this list, and Lady Kew felt sure that the outrage came from her.

With real ardour Lady Kew sought to defend her grandson from some of the attacks here made against him; and showed Ethel that the person who could use such means of calumniating him, would not scruple to resort to falsehood in order to effect her purpose.

"Her purpose," cries Ethel. "How do you know it is a woman?" Lady Kew lapsed into generalities. She thought the handwriting was a woman's—at least it was not likely that a man should think of addressing an anonymous letter to a young lady, and so wreaking his hatred upon Lord Kew. "Besides Frank has had no rivals—except—except one young gentleman who has carried his paint-boxes to Italy," says Lady Kew. "You don't think your dear Colonel's son would leave such a piece of mischief behind him? You must act, my dear," continued her ladyship, "as if this letter had never been written at all, the person who wrote it no doubt will watch you. Of course we are too proud to allow him to see that we are wounded; and pray, pray do not think of letting poor Frank know a word about this horrid transaction."

"Then the letter is true!" burst out Ethel. "You know it is true, grandmamma, and that is why you would have me keep it a secret from my cousin; besides," she added with a little hesitation, "your caution comes too late, Lord Kew has seen the letter."

"You fool," screamed the old lady, "you were not so mad as to show it to him?"

"I am sure the letter is true," Ethel said, rising up very haughtily. "It is not by calling me bad names that your ladyship will disprove it. Keep them, if you please, for my aunt Julia, she is sick and weak, and

can't defend herself. I do not choose to bear abuse from you, or lectures from Lord Kew. He happened to be here a short while since, when the letter arrived. He had been good enough to come to preach me a sermon on his own account. He to find fault with my actions!" cried Miss Ethel, quivering with wrath and clenching the luckless paper in her hand. "He to accuse me of levity, and to warn me against making improper acquaintances! He began his lectures too soon. I am not a lawful slave yet, and prefer to remain unmolested, at least as long as I am free."

"And you told Frank all this, Miss Newcome, and you showed him that letter," said the old lady.

"The letter was actually brought to me whilst his lordship was in the midst of his sermon," Ethel replied. "I read it as he was making his speech," she continued, gathering anger and scorn as she recalled the circumstances of the interview. "He was perfectly polite in his language. He did not call me a fool or use a single other bad name. He was good enough to advise me and to make such virtuous pretty speeches, that if he had been a bishop he could not have spoke better, and as I thought the letter was a nice commentary on his lordship's sermon I gave it to him. I gave it to him," cried the young woman, "and much good may it do him. I don't think my Lord Kew will preach to me again for some time."

"I don't think he will indeed," said Lady Kew, in a hard dry voice. "You don't know what you may have done. Will you be pleased to ring the bell and order my carriage? I congratulate you on having performed a most charming morning's work."

Ethel made her grandmother a very stately curtsey. I pity Lady Julia's condition when her mother reached home.

All who know Lord Kew may be pretty sure that in that unlucky interview with Ethel, to which the young lady has just alluded, he said no single word to her that was not kind, and just, and gentle. Considering the relation between them he thought himself justified in remonstrating with her as to the conduct which she chose to pursue, and in warning her against acquaintances of whom his own experience had taught him the dangerous character. He knew Madame d'Ivry and her friends so well that he would not have his wife elect a member of their circle. He could not tell Ethel what he knew of those women and their history. She chose not to understand his hints—did not, very likely, comprehend them. She was quite young, and the stories of such lives as theirs had never been told before her. She was indignant at the surveillance which Lord Kew exerted over her, and the authority which he began to assume. At another moment and in a better frame of mind she would have been thankful for his care, and very soon and ever after she did justice to his many admirable qualities—his frankness, honesty, and sweet temper. Only her high spirit was in perpetual revolt at this time against the bondage in which her family strove to keep her. The very worldly advantages of the position which they

offered her served but to chafe her the more. Had her proposed husband been a young prince with a crown to lay at her feet, she had been yet more indignant very likely, and more rebellious. Had Kew's younger brother been her suitor, or Kew in his place, she had been not unwilling to follow her parents' wishes. Hence the revolt in which she was engaged—the wayward freaks and outbreaks her haughty temper indulged in. No doubt she saw the justice of Lord Kew's reproofs. That self-consciousness was not likely to add to her good humour. No doubt she was sorry for having shown Lord Kew the letter the moment after she had done that act, of which the poor young lady could not calculate the consequences that were now to ensue.

Lord Kew on glancing over the letter, at once divined the quarter whence it came. The portrait drawn of him was not unlike, as our characters described by those who hate us are not unlike. He had passed a reckless youth, indeed he was sad and ashamed of that past life, longed like the poor prodigal to return to better courses, and had embraced eagerly the chance afforded him of a union with a woman young, virtuous, and beautiful, against whom and against heaven he hoped to sin no more. If we have told or hinted at more of his story than will please the ear of modern conventionalism, I beseech the reader to believe that the writer's purpose at least is not dishonest, nor unkindly. The young gentleman hung his head with sorrow over that sad detail of his life and its follies. What would he have given to be able to say to Ethel, "This is not true!"

His reproaches to Miss Newcome of course were at once stopped by this terrible assault on himself. The letter had been put in the Baden post-box, and so had come to its destination. It was in a disguised handwriting. Lord Kew could form no idea even of the sex of the scribe. He put the envelope in his pocket, when Ethel's back was turned. He examined the paper when he left her. He could make little of the superscription or of the wafer which had served to close the note. He did not choose to caution Ethel as to whether she should burn the letter or divulge it to her friends. He took his share of the pain, as a boy at school takes his flogging, stoutly and in silence.

When he saw Ethel again, which he did in an hour's time, the generous young gentleman held his hand out to her. "My dear," he said, "If you had loved me you never would have shown me that letter." It was his only reproof. After that he never again reproved or advised her.

Ethel blushed. "You are very brave and generous, Frank," she said, bending her head, "and I am captious and wicked." He felt the hot tear blotting on his hand from his cousin's downcast eyes.

He kissed her little hand. Lady Ann, who was in the room with her children when these few words passed between the two in a very low tone—thought it was a reconciliation. Ethel knew it was a renunciation on Kew's part—she never liked him so much as at that moment. The young man was too modest and simple to guess himself

what the girl's feelings were. Could he have told them, his fate and hers might have been changed.

"You must not allow our kind letter-writing friend," Lord Kew continued, "to fancy we are hurt. We must walk out this afternoon, and we must appear very good friends."

"Yes, always, Kew," said Ethel, holding out her hand again. The next minute her cousin was at the table carving roast fowls and distributing the portions to the hungry children.

The assembly of the previous evening had been one of those which the *fermier des jeux* at Baden beneficently provides for the frequenters of the place, and now was to come off a much more brilliant entertainment, in which poor Clive, who is far into Switzerland by this time, was to have taken a share. The Bachelors had agreed to give a ball, one of the last entertainments of the season, a dozen or more of them had subscribed the funds, and we may be sure Lord Kew's name was at the head of the list, as it was of any list, of any scheme, whether of charity or fun. The English were invited, and the Russians were invited; the Spaniards and Italians, Poles, Prussians, and Hebrews; all the motley frequenters of the place, and the warriors in the Duke of Baden's army. Unlimited supper was set in the restaurant. The dancing room glittered with extra lights, and a profusion of cut paper flowers decorated the festive scene. Everybody was present, those crowds with whom our story has nothing to do, and those two or three groups of persons who enact minor or greater parts in it. Madame d'Ivry came in a dress of stupendous splendour, even more brilliant than that in which Miss Ethel had figured at the last assembly. If the duchess intended to *écraser* Miss Newcome by the superior magnificence of her toilet, she was disappointed. Miss Newcome wore a plain white frock on the occasion, and resumed, Madame d'Ivry said, her *rôle* of *ingénue* for that night.

During the brief season in which gentlemen enjoyed the favour of Mary Queen of Scots, that wandering sovereign led them through all the paces and vagaries of a regular passion. As in a fair, where time is short and pleasures numerous, the master of the theatrical booth shows you a tragedy, a farce, and a pantomime, all in a quarter of an hour, having a dozen new audiences to witness his entertainments in the course of the forenoon; so this lady with her platonic lovers went through the complete dramatic course,—tragedies of jealousy, pantomimes of rapture, and farces of parting. There were billets on one side and the other; hints of a fatal destiny, and a ruthless lynx-eyed tyrant, who held a demoniac grasp over the Duchess by means of certain secrets which he knew: there were regrets that we had not known each other sooner: why were we brought out of our convent and sacrificed to Monsieur le Duc? There were frolic interchanges of fancy and poesy: pretty *bouderies;* sweet reconciliations; yawns finally—and separation. Adolphe went out and Alphonse came in. It was the new audience; for which the bell rang, the band played,

and the curtain rose; and the tragedy, comedy and farce were repeated.

Those Greenwich performers who appear in the theatrical pieces above mentioned, make a great deal more noise than your stationary tragedians; and if they have to denounce a villain, to declare a passion, or to threaten an enemy, they roar, stamp, shake their fists, and brandish their sabres, so that every man who sees the play has surely a full pennyworth for his penny. Thus Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry perhaps a little exaggerated her heroines' parts; liking to strike her audiences quickly, and also to change them often. Like good performers, she flung herself heart and soul into the business of the stage, and *was* what she acted. She was Phèdre, and if in the first part of the play she was uncommonly tender to Hippolyte, in the second she hated him furiously. She was Medea, and if Jason was *volage*, woe to Creusa! Perhaps our poor Lord Kew had taken the first character in a performance with Madame d'Ivry; for his behaviour in which part, it was difficult enough to forgive him; but when he appeared at Baden the affianced husband of one of the most beautiful young creatures in Europe,—when his relatives scorned Madame d'Ivry,—no wonder she was maddened and enraged, and would have recourse to revenge, steel, poison.

There was in the Duchess's Court a young fellow from the South of France, whose friends had sent him to *faire son droit* at Paris, where he had gone through the usual course of pleasures and studies of the young inhabitants of the Latin Quarter. He had at one time exalted republican opinions, and had fired his shot with distinction at St. Méri He was a poet of some little note—a book of his lyrics—*Les Râles d'un Asphyxié*—having made a sensation at the time of their appearance. He drank great quantities of absinthe of a morning; smoked incessantly; played roulette whenever he could get a few pieces; contributed to a small journal, and was especially great in his hatred of *l'infâme Angleterre*. *Delenda est Carthago* was tatooed beneath his shirt-sleeve. Fifine and Clarisse, young milliners of the Students' district, had punctured this terrible motto on his manly right arm. *Le léopard*, emblem of England, was his aversion; he shook his fist at the caged monster in the Garden of Plants. He desired to have "Here lies an enemy of England" engraved upon his early tomb. He was skilled at billiards and dominos; adroit in the use of arms; of unquestionable courage and fierceness. Mr. Jones of England was afraid of M. de Castillonnes, and cowered before his scowls and sarcasms. Captain Blackball, the other English aid-de-camp of the Duchesse d'Ivry, a warrior of undoubted courage, who had been "on the ground" more than once, gave him a wide berth, and wondered what the little beggar meant when he used to say, "Since the days of the Prince Noir, Monsieur! my family has been at feud with l'Angleterre!" His family were grocers at Bordeaux, and his father's name was M. Cabasse. He had married a noble in the revolutionary times; and the son at

Paris called himself Victor Cabasse de Castillonnes; then Victor C. de Castillonnes; then M. de Castillonnes. One of the followers of the Black Prince had insulted a lady of the house of Castillonnes, when the English were lords of Guienne; hence our friend's wrath against the Leopard. He had written, and afterwards dramatised a terrific legend describing the circumstance and the punishment of the Briton by a knight of the Castillonnes family. A more awful coward never existed in a melodrama than that felon English knight. His *blanche-fille*, of course, died of hopeless love for the conquering Frenchman, her father's murderer. The paper in which the feuilleton appeared died at the sixth number of the story. The theatre of the Boulevard refused the drama; so the author's rage against *l'infâme Albion* was yet unappeased. On beholding Miss Newcome, Victor had fancied the resemblance between her and Agnes de Calverley, the blanche Miss of his novel and drama, and cast an eye of favour upon the young creature. He even composed verses in her honour (for I presume that the "Miss Betti" and the Princess Crimhilde of the poems which he subsequently published, were no other than Miss Newcome, and the Duchess, her rival). He had been one of the lucky gentlemen who had danced with Ethel on the previous evening. On the occasion of the ball he came to her with a high-flown compliment, and a request to be once more allowed to waltz with her —a request to which he expected a favourable answer, thinking, no doubt, that his wit, his powers of conversation, and the *amour qui flambait dans son regard* had had their effect upon the charming Meess. Perhaps he had a copy of the very verses in his breast pocket, with which he intended to complete his work of fascination. For her sake alone, he had been heard to say, that he would enter into a truce with England, and forget the hereditary wrongs of his race.

But the blanche Miss on this evening declined to waltz with him. His compliments were not of the least avail. He retired with them and his unuttered verses in his crumpled bosom. Miss Newcome only danced in one quadrille with Lord Kew, and left the party quite early to the despair of many of the bachelors, who lost the fairest ornament of their ball.

Lord Kew, however, had been seen walking with her in public, and particularly attentive to her during her brief appearance in the ball-room; and the old Dowager, who regularly attended all places of amusement, and was at twenty parties and six dinners the week before she died, thought fit to be particularly gracious to Madame d'Ivry upon this evening, and, far from shunning the Duchesse's presence, or being rude to her, as on former occasions, was entirely smiling and good-humoured. Lady Kew, too, thought there had been a reconciliation between Ethel and her cousin. Lady Ann had given her mother some account of the handshaking. Kew's walk with Ethel, the quadrille which she had danced with him alone, induced the elder lady to believe that matters had been made up between the young people.

So by way of showing the Duchesse that her little shot of the morning

flung into a world of which the air poisons our pure life, and withers the sainted buds of hope and love and faith? Faith! The mocking world tramples on it, n'est-ce pas? Love! The brutal world strangles the heaven-born infant at its birth. Hope! It smiled at me in my little convent chamber, played among the flowers which I cherished, warbled with the birds that I loved. But it quitted me at the door of the world, Stenio. It folded its white wings and veiled its radiant face! In return for my young love, they gave me—sixty years, the dregs of a selfish heart, egotism cowering over its fire, and cold for all its mantle of ermine! In place of the sweet flowers of my young years, they gave me these, Stenio!" and she pointed to her feathers and her artificial roses. "O, I should like to crush them under my feet!" and she put out the neatest little slipper. The Duchesse was great upon her wrongs, and paraded her blighted innocence to every one who would feel interested by that piteous spectacle. The music here burst out more swiftly and melodiously than before; the pretty little feet forgot their desire to trample upon the world. She shrugged the lean little shoulders—"Eh!" said the Queen of Scots, "dansons et oublions;" and Stenio's arm once more surrounded her fairy waist (she called herself a fairy; other ladies called her a skeleton), and they whirled away in the waltz again: and presently she and Stenio came bumping up against the stalwart Lord Kew and the ponderous Madame de Gumpelheim, as a wherry dashes against the oaken ribs of a steamer.

The little couple did not fall; they were struck on to a neighbouring bench, luckily: but there was a laugh at the expense of Stenio and the Queen of Scots—and Lord Kew settling his panting partner on to a seat, came up to make excuses for his awkwardness to the lady, who had been its victim. At the laugh produced by the catastrophe, the Duchesse's eyes gleamed with anger.

"M. de Castillonnes," she said, to her partner, "have you had any quarrel with that Englishman?"

"With ce Milor? But no," said Stenio.

"He did it on purpose. There has been no day but his family has insulted me!" hissed out the Duchesse, and at this moment Lord Kew came up to make his apologies. He asked a thousand pardons of Madame la Duchesse for being so maladroit.

"Maladroit! et très maladroit, Monsieur," says Stenio, curling his moustache; "C'êst bien le mot, Monsieur."

"Also, I make my excuses to Madame la Duchesse, which I hope she will receive," said Lord Kew. The Duchesse shrugged her shoulders and sunk her head.

"When one does not know how to dance, one ought not to dance," continued the Duchesse's knight.

"Monsieur is very good to give me lessons in dancing," said Lord Kew.

"Any lessons which you please, Milor!" cries Stenio; "and everywhere where you will them."

Lord Kew looked at the little man with surprise. He could not understand so much anger for so trifling an accident, which happens a dozen times in every crowded ball. He again bowed to the Duchesse, and walked away.

"This is your Englishman—your Kew, whom you vaunt everywhere," said Stenio, to M. de Florac, who was standing by and witnessed the scene. "Is he simply bête, or is he poltron as well? I believe him to be both."

"Silence, Victor!" cried Florac, seizing his arm, and drawing him away. "You know me, and that I am neither one nor the other. Believe my word, that my Lord Kew wants neither courage nor wit!"

"Will you be my witness, Florac?" continues the other.

"To take him your excuses? yes. It is you who have insulted—"

"Yes, parbleu, I have insulted!" says the Gascon.

"A man who never willingly offended soul alive. A man full of heart: the most frank: the most loyal I have seen him put to the proof, and believe me he is all I say."

"Eh! so much the better for me!" cried the Southern. "I shall have the honour of meeting a gallant man: and there will be two on the field."

"They are making a tool of you, my poor Gascon," said M. de Florac, who saw Madame d'Ivry's eyes watching the couple. She presently took the arm of the noble Count de Punter, and went for fresh air into the adjoining apartment, where play was going on as usual; and Lord Kew and his friend Lord Rooster were pacing the room apart from the gamblers.

My Lord Rooster, at something which Kew said, looked puzzled, and said, "Pooh, stuff, damned little Frenchman! Confounded nonsense!"

"I was searching you, Milor!" said Madame d'Ivry, in a most winning tone, tripping behind him with her noiseless little feet. "Allow me a little word. Your arm! You used to give it me once, mon filleul! I hope you think nothing of the rudeness of M. de Castillonens: he is a foolish Gascon: he must have been too often to the buffet this evening."

Lord Kew said, No, indeed he thought nothing of M. de Castillonnes' rudeness.

"I am so glad! These heroes of the *salle d'armes* have not the commonest manners. These Gascons are always *flamberge au vent*. What would the charming Miss Ethel say, if she heard of the dispute?"

"Indeed there is no reason why she should hear of it," said Lord Kew, "unless some obliging friend should communicate it to her."

"Communicate it to her—the poor dear! who would be so cruel as to give her pain?" asked the innocent Duchesse. "Why do you look at me so, Frank?"

"Because I admire you," said her interlocutor, with a bow. "I have never seen Madame la Duchesse to such advantage as to-day."

"You speak in enigmas! Come back with me to the ball-room. Come and dance with me once more. You used to dance with me. Let us have one waltz more, Kew. And then, and then, in a day or two I shall go back to Monsieur le Duc, and tell him that his filleul is going to marry the fairest of all Englishwomen: and to turn hermit in the country, and orator in the Chamber of Peers. You have wit! ah si—you have wit!" And she led back Lord Kew, rather amazed himself at what he was doing, into the ball-room; so that the good-natured people who were there, and who beheld them dancing, could not refrain from clapping their hands at the sight of this couple.

The Duchess danced as if she was bitten by that Neapolitan spider, which, according to the legend, is such a wonderful dance incentor. She would have the music quicker and quicker. She sank on Kew's arm, and clung on his support. She poured out all the light of her languishing eyes into his face. Their glances rather confused than charmed him. But the bystanders were pleased; they thought it so good-hearted of the Duchesse, after the little quarrel, to make a public avowal of reconciliation!

Lord Rooster looking on, at the entrance of the dancing-room, over Monsieur de Florac's shoulder, said, "It's all right! She's a clipper to dance, the little Duchess."

"The viper!" said Florac, "how she writhes!"

"I suppose that business with the Frenchman is all over," says Lord Rooster. "Confounded piece of nonsense."

"You believe it finished? We shall see!" said Florac, who perhaps knew his fair cousin better. When the waltz was over, Kew led his partner to a seat, and bowed to her; but though she made room for him at her side, pointing to it, and gathering up her rustling robes, so that he might sit down, he moved away, his face full of gloom. He never wished to be near her again. There was something more odious to him in her friendship, than her hatred. He knew hers was the hand that had dealt that stab at him and Ethel in the morning. He went back and talked with his two friends in the doorway. "Couch yourself, my little Kiou," said Florac. "You are all pale. You were best in bed, mon garcon!"

"She has made me promise to take her in to supper," Kew said, with a sigh.

"She will poison you," said the other. "Why have they abolished the roue chez nous? My word of honor they should rétabliche it for this woman."

"There is one in the next room," said Kew, with a laugh. "Come Vicomte, let us try our fortune," and he walked back into the play-room.

That was the last night on which Lord Kew ever played a gambling

game. He won constantly. The double zero seemed to obey him; so that the croupiers wondered at his fortune. Florac backed it; saying with the superstition of a gambler, "I am sure something goes to arrive to this boy." From time to time M. de Florac went back to the dancing-room, leaving his *mise* under Kew's charge. He always found his heaps increased; indeed the worthy Vicomte wanted a turn of luck in his favour. On one occasion he returned with a grave face, saying to Lord Rooster, "She has the other one in hand. We are going to see." "Trente-six encor! et rouge gagne," cried the croupier with his nasal tone. Monsieur de Florac's pockets overflowed with double Napoleons, and he stopped his play, luckily, for Kew putting down his winnings, once, twice, thrice, lost them all.

When Lord Kew had left the dancing-room, Madame d'Ivry saw Stenio following him with fierce looks, and called back that bearded bard. "You were going to pursue M. de Kew," she said, "I knew you were. Sit down here, sir," and she patted him down on her seat with her fan.

"Do you wish that I should call him back, Madame?" said the poet, with the deepest tragic accents.

"I can bring him when I want him, Victor," said the lady.

"Let us hope others will be equally fortunate," the Gascon said, with one hand in his breast, the other stroking his moustache.

"Fi, Monsieur, que vous sentez le tabac! je vous le défends, entendez vous, Monsieur?"

"Pourtant, I have seen the day when Madame la Duchesse did not disdain a cigar," said Victor. "If the odour incommodes, permit that I retire."

"And you also would quit me, Stenio. Do you think I did not mark your eyes towards Miss Newcome? your anger when she refused you to dance? Ah! we see all. A woman does not deceive herself, do you see? You send me beautiful verses, Poet. You can write as well of a statue or a picture, of a rose or a sunset, as of the heart of a woman. You were angry just now because I danced with M. de Kew. Do you think in a woman's eyes jealousy is unpardonable?"

"You know how to provoke it, Madame," continued the tragedian.

"Monsieur," replied the lady, with dignity. "Am I to render you an account of all my actions, and ask your permission for a walk?"

"In fact, I am but the slave, Madame," groaned the Gascon, "I am not the master."

"You are a very rebellious slave, Monsieur," continues the lady, with a pretty *moue*, and a glance of the large eyes artfully brightened by her rouge. Suppose—suppose I danced with M. de Kew, not for his sake—Heaven knows to dance with him is not a pleasure—but for yours. Suppose I do not want a foolish quarrel to proceed. Suppose I know that he is ni sot ni poltron as you pretend. I overheard you, sir, talking with one of the basest of men, my good cousin, M. de

Florac: but it is not of him I speak. Suppose I know the Comte de Kew to be a man, cold and insolent, ill-bred, and grossier, as the men of his nation are—but one who lacks no courage—one who is terrible when roused; might I have no occasion to fear, not for him, but—"

"But for me! Ah Marie! Ah Madame! Believe you that a man of my blood will yield a foot to any Englishman? Do you know the story of my race? do you know that since my childhood I have vowed hatred to that nation? Tenez, madame, this M. Jones who frequents your salon, it was but respect for you that has enabled me to keep my patience with this stupid islander. This Captain Blackball, whom you distinguish, who certainly shoots well, who mounts well to horse, I have always thought his manners were those of the marker of a billiard. But I respect him because he has made war with Don Carlos against the English. But this young M. de Kew, his laugh crisps me the nerves; his insolent air makes me bound; in beholding him I said to myself, I hate you; think whether I love him better after having seen him as I did but now, madame!" Also, but this Victor did not say, he thought Kew had laughed at him at the beginning of the evening, when the blanche Miss had refused to dance with him.

"Ah, Victor, it is not him, but you that I would save," said the Duchess. And the people round about, and the Duchess herself afterwards said, yes, certainly, she had a good heart. She entreated Lord Kew; she implored M. Victor; she did everything in her power to appease the quarrel between him and the Frenchman.

After the ball came the supper, which was laid at separate little tables, where parties of half-a-dozen enjoyed themselves. Lord Kew was of the Duchess's party, where our Gascon friend had not a seat. But being one of the managers of the entertainment, his lordship went about from table to table, seeing that the guests at each lacked nothing. He supposed too that the dispute with the Gascon had possibly come to an end; at any rate, disagreeable as the other's speech had been, he had resolved to put up with it, not having the least inclination to drink the Frenchman's blood, or to part with his own on so absurd a quarrel. He asked people in his good-natured way to drink wine with him; and catching M. Victor's eye scowling at him from a distant table, he sent a waiter with a champagne bottle to his late opponent, and lifted his glass as a friendly challenge. The waiter carried the message to M. Victor, who, when he heard it, turned up his glass, and folded his arms in a stately manner. "M. de Castillonne dit qu'il refuse, milor," said the waiter, rather scared. "He charged me to bring that message to milor." Florac ran across to the angry Gascon. It was not while at Madame d'Ivry's table that Lord Kew sent his challenge and received his reply; his duties as steward had carried him away from that pretty early.

Meanwhile the glimmering dawn peered into the windows of the refreshment-room, and behold, the sun broke in and scared all the

revellers. The ladies scurried away like so many ghosts at cock-crow, some of them not caring to face that detective luminary. Cigars had been lighted ere this; the men remained smoking them with those sleepless German waiters still bringing fresh supplies of drink. Lord Kew gave the Duchesse d'Ivry his arm, and was leading her out; M. de Castillonne stood scowling directly in their way, upon which, with rather an abrupt turn of the shoulder, and a "Pardon, Monsieur," Lord Kew pushed by, and conducted the Duchess to her carriage. She did not in the least see what had happened between the two gentlemen in the passage; she ogled, and nodded, and kissed her hands quite affectionately to Kew as the fly drove away.

Florac in the meanwhile had seized his compatriot, who had drunk champagne copiously with others, if not with Kew, and was in vain endeavouring to make him hear reason. The Gascon was furious; he vowed that Lord Kew had struck him. "By the tomb of my mother," he bellowed, "I swear I will have his blood!" Lord Rooster was bawling out—"D— him; carry him to bed, and shut him up;" which remarks Victor did not understand, or two victims would doubtless have been sacrificed on his mamma's mausoleum.

When Kew came back (as he was only too sure to do), the little Gascon rushed forward with a glove in his hand, and having an audience of smokers round about him, made a furious speech about England, leopards, cowardice, insolent islanders, and Napoleon at St. Helena; and demanded reason for Kew's conduct during the night. As he spoke, he advanced towards Lord Kew, glove in hand, and lifted it as if he was actually going to strike.

"There is no need for further words," said Lord Kew, taking his cigar out of his mouth. "If you don't drop that glove, upon my word I will pitch you out of the window. Ha! . . . Pick the man up, somebody. You'll bear witness, gentlemen, I couldn't help myself. If he wants me in the morning, he knows where to find me."

"I declare that my Lord Kew has acted with great forbearance, and under the most brutal provocation—the most brutal provocation entendez-vous, M. Cabasse," cried out M. de Florac, rushing forward to the Gascon, who had now risen; "Monsieur's conduct has been unworthy of a Frenchman and a galant homme."

"D— it; he has had it on his nob, though," said Lord Viscount Rooster, laconically.

"Ah Roosterre! ceci n'est pas pour rire," Florac cried sadly, as they both walked away with Lord Kew; "I wish that first blood was all that was to be shed in this quarrel."

"Gaw! how he did go down!" cried Rooster, convulsed with laughter.

"I am very sorry for it," said Kew, quite seriously; "I couldn't help it. God forgive me." And he hung down his head. He thought of the past, and its levities, and punishment coming after him *pede claudo*. It was with all his heart the contrite young man said "God

forgive me." He would take what was to follow as the penalty of what had gone before.

"Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, mon pauvre Kiou," said his French friend. And Lord Rooster, whose classical education had been much neglected, turned round, and said, "Hullo, mate, what ship's that?"

Viscount Rooster had not been two hours in bed, when the Count de Punter (formerly of the Black Jägers), waited upon him upon the part of M. de Castillonnes and the Earl of Kew, who had referred him to the Viscount to arrange matters for a meeting between them. As the meeting must take place out of the Baden territory, and they ought to move before the police prevented them, the Count proposed that they should at once make for France; where, as it was an affair of honneur, they would assuredly be let to enter without passports.

Lady Ann and Lady Kew heard that the gentlemen after the ball had all gone out on a hunting party, and were not alarmed for four-and-twenty hours at least. On the next day none of them returned; and on the day after, the family heard that Lord Kew had met with rather a dangerous accident; but all the town knew he had been shot by M. de Castillonnes on one of the islands on the Rhine, opposite Kehl, where he was now lying.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ACROSS THE ALPS.

OUR discursive muse must now take her place in the little britzka in which Clive Newcome and his companions are travelling, and cross the Alps in that vehicle, beholding the snows on St. Gothard, and the beautiful region through which the Ticino rushes on its way to the Lombard lakes, and the great corn-covered plains of the Milanese; and that royal city, with the cathedral for its glittering crown, only less magnificent than the imperial dome of Rome. I have some long letters from Mr. Clive, written during this youthful tour, every step of which, from the departure at Baden, to the gate of Milan, he describes as beautiful; and doubtless, the delightful scenes through which the young man went, had their effect in soothing any private annoyances with which his journey commenced. The aspect of nature, in that fortunate route which he took, is so noble and cheering, that our private affairs and troubles shrink away abashed before that serene splendour. O, sweet peaceful scene of azure lake, and snow-crowned mountain, so wonderfully lovely is your aspect, that it seems like heaven almost, and as if grief and care could not enter it! What young Clive's private cares were I knew

not as yet in those days; and he kept them out of his letters; it was only in the intimacy of future life that some of these pains were revealed to me.

Some three months after taking leave of Miss Ethel, our young gentleman found himself at Rome, with his friend Ridley still for a companion. Many of us, young or middle-aged, have felt that delightful shock which the first sight of the great city inspires. There is one other place of which the view strikes one with an emotion even greater than that with which we look at Rome, where Augustus was reigning when He saw the day, whose birthplace is separated but by a hill or two from the awful gates of Jerusalem. Who that has beheld both can forget that first aspect of either. At the end of years the emotion occasioned by the sight still thrills in your memory, and it smites you as at the moment when you first viewed it.

The business of the present novel however, lies neither with priest nor pagan, but with Mr. Clive Newcome, and his affairs and his companions at this period of his life. Nor, if the gracious reader expects to hear of cardinals in scarlet, and noble Roman princes and princesses, will he find such in this history. The only noble Roman into whose mansion our friend got admission, was the Prince Polonia, whose footmen wear the liveries of the English Royal family, who gives gentlemen and even painters cash upon good letters of credit; and, once or twice in a season, opens his transtiberine palace and treats his customers to a ball. Our friend Clive used jocularly to say, he believed there were no Romans. There were priests in portentous hats; there were friars with shaven crowns; there were the sham peasantry, who dressed themselves out in masquerade costumes, with bagpipe and goat-skin, with crossed leggings and scarlet petticoats, who let themselves out to artists at so many pauls per sitting; but he never passed a Roman's door except to buy a cigar or to purchase a handkerchief. Thither, as elsewhere, we carry our insular habits with us. We have a little England at Paris, a little England at Munich, Dresden, everywhere. Our friend is an Englishman, and did at Rome as the English do.

There was the polite English society, the society that flocks to see the Colosseum lighted up with blue fire, that flocks to the Vatican to behold the statues by torchlight, that hustles into the churches on public festivals in black veils and deputy-lieutenant's uniforms, and stares, and talks, and uses opera-glasses while the pontiffs of the Roman church are performing its ancient rites, and the crowds of faithful are kneeling round the altars; the society which gives its balls and dinners, has its scandal and bickerings, its aristocrats, parvenues, toadies imported from Belgravia; has its club, its hunt, and its Hyde Park on the Pincio: and there is the other little English world, the broad-hatted, long-bearded, velvet-jacketted, jovial colony of the artists, who have their own feasts, haunts, and amusements by the side of

their aristocratic compatriots, with whom but few of them have the honour to mingle.

J. J. and Clive engaged pleasant lofty apartments in the Via Gregoriana. Generations of painters had occupied these chambers and gone their way. The windows of their painting-room looked into a quaint old garden, where there were ancient statues of the Imperial time, a babbling fountain and noble orange-trees, with broad clustering leaves and golden balls of fruit, glorious to look upon. Their walks abroad were endlessly pleasant and delightful. In every street there were scores of pictures of the graceful characteristic Italian life, which our painters seem one and all to reject, preferring to depict their quack brigands, Contadini, Pifferari, and the like, because Thompson painted them before Jones, and Jones before Thompson, and so on, backwards into time. There were the children at play, the women huddled round the steps of the open doorways, in the kindly Roman winter; grim portentous old hags, such as Michael Angelo painted, draped in majestic raggery; mothers and swarming bambins; slouching countrymen, dark of beard and noble of countenance, posed in superb attitudes, lazy, tattered, and majestic. There came the red troops, the black troops, the blue troops of the army of priests; the snuffy regiments of Capuchins, grave and grotesque; the trim French abbés; my lord the bishop, with his footman (those wonderful footmen); my lord the cardinal, in his ramshackle coach and his two, nay three, footmen behind him;—flunkeys that look as if they had been dressed by the costumier of a British pantomime;—coach with prodigious emblazonments of hats and coats of arms, that seems as if it came out of the pantomime too, and was about to turn into something else. So it is, that what is grand to some persons' eyes appears grotesque to others; and for certain sceptical persons, that step, which we have heard of, between the sublime and the ridiculous, is not visible.

"I wish it were not so," writes Clive, in one of the letters wherein he used to pour his full heart out in those days. "I see these people at their devotions, and envy them their rapture. A friend, who belongs to the old religion, took me, last week, into a church where the Virgin lately appeared in person to a Jewish gentleman, flashed down upon him from heaven in light and splendour celestial, and, of course, straightway converted him. My friend bade me look at the picture, and, kneeling down beside me, I know prayed with all his honest heart that the truth might shine down upon me too; but I saw no glimpse of heaven at all, I saw but a poor picture, an altar with blinking candles, a church hung with tawdry strips of red and white calico. The good, kind W— went away, humbly saying, 'that such might have happened again if heaven so willed it.' I could not but feel a kindness and admiration for the good man. I know his works are made to square with his faith, that he dines on a crust, lives as chastely as a hermit, and gives his all to the poor.

"Our friend J. J., very different to myself in so many respects, so

superior in all, is immensely touched by these ceremonies. They seem to answer to some spiritual want of his nature, and he comes away satisfied as from a feast, where I have only found vacancy. Of course our first pilgrimage was to St. Peter's. What a walk! Under what noble shadows does one pass; how great and liberal the houses are, with generous casements and courts, and great grey portals which giants might get through and keep their turbans on. Why, the houses are twice as tall as Lamb Court itself; and over them hangs a noble dinge, a venerable mouldy splendour. Over the solemn portals are ancient mystic escutcheons—vast shields of princes and cardinals, such as Ariosto's knights might take down; and every figure about them is a picture by himself. At every turn there is a temple: in every court a brawling fountain. Besides the people of the streets and houses, and the army of priests black and brown, there's a great silent population of marble. There are battered gods tumbled out of Olympus and broken in the fall, and set up under niches and over fountains; there are senators namelessly, noselessly, noiselessly seated under archways, or lurking in courts and gardens. And then, besides these defunct ones, of whom these old figures may be said to be the corpses; there is the reigning family, a countless carved hierarchy of angels, saints, confessors, of the latter dynasty which has conquered the court of Jove. I say, Pen, I wish Warrington would write the history of the Last of the Pagans. Did you never have a sympathy for them as the monks came rushing into their temples, kicking down their poor altars, smashing the fair calm faces of their gods, and sending their vestals a-flying? They are always preaching here about the persecution of the Christians. Are not the churches full of martyrs with choppers in their meek heads; virgins on gridirons; riddled St. Sebastians, and the like? But have they never persecuted in their turn? Oh, me! You and I know better, who were bred up near to the pens of Smithfield, where Protestants and Catholics have taken their turn to be roasted.

"You pass through an avenue of angels and saints on the bridge across Tiber, all in action; their great wings seem clanking, their marble garments clapping; St. Michael, descending upon the Fiend, has been caught and bronzified just as he lighted on the Castle of St. Angelo, his enemy doubtless fell crushing through the roof and so downwards. He is as natural as blank verse—that bronze angel—set, rhythmic, grandiose. You'll see, some day or other, he's a great sonnet, sir, I'm sure of that. Milton wrote in bronze; I am sure Virgil polished off his Georgics in marble—sweet calm shapes! exquisite harmonies of line! As for the Æneid; that, sir, I consider to be so many bas-reliefs, mural ornaments which affect me not much.

"I think I have lost sight of St. Peter's, haven't I? Yet it is big enough. How it makes your heart beat when you first see it! Ours did as we came in at night from Civita Vecchia, and saw a great ghostly darkling dome rising solemnly up into the gray night, and keeping us

company ever so long as we drove, as if it had been an orb fallen out of heaven with its light put out. As you look at it from the Pincio, and the sun sets behind it, surely that aspect of earth and sky is one of the grandest in the world. I don't like to say that the façade of the church is ugly and obtrusive. As long as the dome overawes, that façade is supportable. You advance towards it—through, O, such a noble court! with fountains flashing up to meet the sunbeams; and right and left of you two sweeping half-crescents of great columns; but you pass by the courtiers and up to the steps of the throne, and the dome seems to disappear behind it. It is as if the throne was upset, and the king had toppled over.

"There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbour cliffs on clear days: one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea: we think of lazy friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like common-places of Protestant satire. Lo! yonder inscription, which blazes round the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world, that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which Hell shall not prevail. Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have been burning before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realised in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday: others, to be as blessed as they, walk the world even now doubtless; and the commissioners of heaven, here holding their court a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their power shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day as they did eighteen centuries ago. Are there not crowds ready to bear witness to their wonders? Isn't there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them? Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest to-day, who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint,—hand in hand they hold by one another till the line is lost up in heaven. Come, friend, let us acknowledge this, and go and kiss the toe of St. Peter. Alas! there's the Channel always between us; and we no more believe in the miracles of St. Thomas of Canterbury, than that the bones of His Grace, John Bird, who sits in St. Thomas's chair

presently, will work wondrous cures in the year 2000: that his statue will speak, or his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence will wink.

"So, you see, at those grand ceremonies which the Roman church exhibits at Christmas, I looked on as a Protestant. Holy Father on his throne or in his palanquin, cardinals with their tails and their train-bearers, mitred bishops and abbots, regiments of friars and clergy, relics exposed for adoration, columns draped, altars illuminated, incense smoking, organs pealing, and boxes of piping soprani, Swiss guards with slashed breeches and fringed halberts;—between us and all this splendour of old-world ceremony, there's an ocean flowing: and yonder old statue of Peter might have been Jupiter again, surrounded by a procession of flamens and augurs, and Augustus as Pontifex Maximus, to inspect the sacrifices,—and my feelings at the spectacle had been, doubtless, pretty much the same.

"Shall I utter any more heresies? I am an unbeliever in Raphael's Transfiguration—the scream of that devil-possessed boy, in the lower part of the figure of eight (a stolen boy too), jars the whole music of the composition. On Michael Angelo's great wall, the grotesque and terrible are not out of place. What an awful achievement! Fancy the state of mind of the man who worked it—as alone, day after day, he devised and drew those dreadful figures! Suppose in the days of the Olympian dynasty, the subdued Titan rebels had been set to ornament a palace for Jove, they would have brought in some such tremendous work: or suppose that Michael descended to the Shades, and brought up this picture out of the halls of Limbo. I like a thousand and a thousand times better to think of Raphael's loving spirit. As he looked at women and children, his beautiful face must have shone like sunshine; his kind hand must have caressed the sweet figures as he formed them. If I protest against the Transfiguration, and refuse to worship at that altar before which so many generations have knelt; there are hundreds of others which I salute thankfully. It is not so much in the set harangues (to take another metaphor), as in the daily tones and talk that his voice is so delicious. Sweet poetry, and music, and tender hymns drop from him: he lifts his pencil, and something gracious falls from it on the paper. How noble his mind must have been! it seems but to receive, and his eye seems only to rest on, what is great, and generous, and lovely. You walk through crowded galleries, where are pictures ever so large and pretentious; and come upon a grey paper, or a little fresco, bearing his mark—and over all the brawl and the throng you recognise his sweet presence. 'I would like to have been Giulio Romano,' J. J. says (who does not care for Giulio's pictures), 'because then I would have been Raphael's favourite pupil." We agreed that we would rather have seen him and William Shakspeare, than all the men we ever read of. Fancy poisoning a fellow out of envy—as Spagnoletto did! There are some men whose admiration takes that bilious shape. There's a fellow in our mess at the Lepre, a clever enough fellow too—and not a bad fellow to the poor. He was a

Gandishite. He is a genre and portrait painter by the name of Haggard. He hates J. J. because Lord Fareham, who is here, has given J. J. an order; and he hates me, because I wear a clean shirt, and ride a cock-horse.

"I wish you could come to our mess at the Lepre. It's such a dinner! such a table-cloth: such a waiter: such a company! Every man has a beard and a sombrero: and you would fancy we were a band of brigands. We are regaled with woodcocks, snipes, wild swans, ducks, robins, and owls and *οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι* for dinner: and with three pauls worth of wines and victuals, the hungriest has enough, even Claypole the sculptor. Did you ever know him? He used to come to the Haunt. He looks like the Saracen's head with his beard now. There is a French table still more hairy than ours, a German table, an American table. After dinner we go and have coffee and mezzo-caldo at the Café Greco over the way. Mezzo-caldo is not a bad drink—a little rum—a slice of fresh citron—lots of pounded sugar, and boiling water for the rest. Here in various parts of the cavern (it is a vaulted low place), the various nations have their assigned quarters, and we drink our coffee and strong waters, and abuse Guido, or Rubens, or Bernini, selon les gouts, and blow such a cloud of smoke as would make Warrington's lungs dilate with pleasure. We get very good cigars for a bajoccho and half—that is very good for us, cheap tobaccanalians; and capital when you have got no others. M'Collop is here: he made a great figure at a cardinal's reception in the tartan of the M'Collop. He is splendid at the tomb of the Stuarts, and wanted to cleave Haggard down to the chine with his claymore for saying that Charles Edward was often drunk.

"Some of us have our breakfasts at the Café Greco at dawn. The birds are very early birds here: and you'll see the great sculptors—the old Dons you know who look down on us young fellows, at their coffee here when it is yet twilight. As I am a swell, and have a servant, J. J. and I breakfast at our lodgings. I wish you could see Terribile our attendant, and Ottavia our old woman! You will see both of them on the canvas one day. When he *hasn't* blacked our boots and has got our breakfast, Terribile the valet-de-chambre becomes Terribile the model. He has figured on a hundred canvases ere this, and almost ever since he was born. All his family were models. His mother having been a Venus, is now a Witch of Endor. His father is in the patriarchal line: he has himself done the cherubs, the shepherd-boys, and now is a grown man, and ready as a warrior, a pifferaro, a capuchin, or what you will.

"After the coffee and the Café Greco we all go to the Life Academy. After the Life Academy, those who belong to the world dress and go out to tea-parties just as if we were in London. Those who are not in society have plenty of fun of their own—and better fun than the tea-party fun too. Jack Screwby has a night once a week, sardines and ham for supper, and a cask of Marsala in the corner. Your humble

servant entertains on Thursdays: which is Lady Fitch's night too; and I flatter myself some of the London dandies who are passing the winter here, prefer the cigars and humble liquors which we dispense, to tea and Miss Fitch's performance on the pianoforte.

"What is that I read in Galignani about Lord K— and an affair of honour at Baden? Is it my dear kind jolly Kew with whom some one has quarrelled? I know those who will be even more grieved than I am, should anything happen to the best of good fellows. A great friend of Lord Kew's, Jack Belsize commonly called, came with us from Baden through Switzerland, and we left him at Milan. I see by the paper that his elder brother is dead, and so poor Jack will be a great man some day. I wish the chance had happened sooner if it was to befal at all. So my amiable cousin, Barnes Newcome Newcome, Esq., has married my lady Clara Pulleyn; I wish her joy of her bridegroom. All I have heard of that family is from the newspaper. If you meet them, tell me anything about them. We had a very pleasant time altogether at Baden. I suppose the accident to Kew will put off his marriage with Miss Newcome. They have been engaged you know ever so long—And—do, do write to me and tell me something about London. It's best I should stay here and work this winter and the next. J. J. has done a famous picture, and if I send a couple home, you'll give them a notice in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' won't you? for the sake of old times, and yours affectionately,

"Clive Newcome."

GEOGRAPHICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY
DIVISIONS OF

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.

This day are published, price 10*s. each, handsomely and strongly bound in cloth,*

THE SECOND VOLUMES

OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY
DIVISIONS OF

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

☞ *A Number of the Cyclopædia is published every Saturday, price 6d.; one week a number of* GEOGRAPHY—*the next a number of* NATURAL HISTORY—*and a Part, price* 2*s., on the last day of every month.*

"Mr. Charles Knight, in a recently published little book, 'The Old Printer and Modern Press,' which abounds in curious facts upon the history of books, states that 'no work that occupied more than four or five years in its completion was ever successful in this country.' The sale of the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' of which the publication occupied eleven years, or two years less than the Real-encyclopädie, gradually fell from 50,000 to 20,000—more than half the original subscribers preferring to sacrifice their previous outlay to waiting any longer for the final articles of the alphabet, which were as frequently required for reference as the earlier portion. Mr. Knight, in an IMPROVED EDITION of the work, which he is issuing under the title of the 'ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA,' has consequently found it expedient to break up the former single series into four divisions, for the purpose of bringing each to a speedier completion."—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1854.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET;

AND TO BE HAD BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSVENDORS.

On the 1st of October, 1854, will be published Part I. of

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

To be completed in Ten Monthly Parts, at 3s. 6d. each.

THE Geographical Division of "THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA," now in course of publication, having reached the end of the second volume, the proprietors have determined (without deviating from the present mode of issuing the general Cyclopædia) to complete that division very rapidly as a separate "CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY." The intense interest that now attaches to geographical subjects, calls for this exertion on the part of the conductor and his contributors.

"The Cyclopædia of Geography," as well as the other divisions of "THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA," **is based upon "The Penny Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."** The copyright of that great work being the property of Mr. Knight, he alone has the power of remodelling it throughout, so as to adapt the original materials to the present state of knowledge. The geographical articles of "The Penny Cyclopædia," have deservedly been ranked amongst the most important contributions to the science of geography in our own day. "THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY," has the great advantage of using these celebrated articles as its foundation. But in many essential particulars these valuable materials have been re-cast, so as to render the book as perfect as possible. The amount of literary labour which this re-modelling has involved, will at once be seen by any one who will compare the articles of the present work with those of the original. That labour has not been confined to revision and correction. Many new articles have been introduced, and many of the old ones supplied by others wholly re-written. Embracing the physical features of every country, according to the latest observation; presenting the statistics of its departments, its cities, and its marts of commerce; and recording its history to the most recent period,—it will readily be conceived how considerable has been the task of collecting every important fact not previously given, and of systematising articles that from the long course of publication of the original work were disconnected. The conductor has no hesitation in calling this GAZETTEER a desideratum for the general public, in its fullness, its accuracy, and its cheapness.

*** "THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY" *is beautifully printed in quarto; and will form four volumes; or it may be bound in two volumes, extending to about* 2200 *pages.*

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET:
AND TO BE HAD BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSVENDORS.

DUTY OFF TEA!

THE PRICES OF ALL OUR TEAS AGAIN REDUCED FOURPENCE PER POUND.

PHILLIPS AND COMPANY,

TEA MERCHANTS,

No. 8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON,

Give the Public the full and entire advantage of the Reduction of Duty, as the following Prices will show :

Monthly Circular, August, 1854.

BLACK TEAS.

STRONG CONGOU TEA	2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 0d.	
RICH SOUCHONG TEA	3s. 2d.	Recommended.
BEST IMPERIAL SOUCHONG TEA	3s. 4d.	Strongly recommended.
BEST LAPSANG SOUCHONG TEA	3s. 8d.	Strongly recommended.
BEST ASSAM PEKOE SOUCHONG TEA	4s. 0d.	Very strongly recommended.

This Tea is of peculiar and extraordinary strength.

GREEN TEAS.

STRONG GREEN TEAS, with flavour	3s., 3s. 4d., 3s. 8d.	
PRIME MOYUNE GUNPOWDER	4s. 0d.	Recommended.
THE BEST MOYUNE GUNPOWDER	4s. 4d.	Recommended.
TRUE PEARL GUNPOWDER	4s. 8d.	Recommended.
THE BEST PEARL GUNPOWDER	5s. 0d.	Recommended.

The MIXED TEAS, at 3s. 8d. and 4s. per lb., are now very superior Teas, and are strongly recommended.

COFFEE.

THE BEST PLANTATION COFFEE	1s. 0d. per lb.
THE BEST COSTA RICA COFFEE	1s. 2d. ,,
THE BEST WEST INDIA COFFEE	1s. 4d. ,,
THE BEST MOCHA COFFEE	1s. 4d. ,,

THE BEST BELGIAN CHICORY, 6d. per lb. in 1-pound, ½-lb., and ¼-lb. packets.

COLONIAL PRODUCE AND SPICES.

100 PER CENT. UNDER MOST HOUSES.

Arrow Root, 8d., 10d., 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 4d. Sago, 3d. and 4d. ; Large Sago, 5d. Tapioca, 6d. ; Best, 7d. Tous les Mois, 6d. ; Best, 8d. Maccaroni, Naples, 8d. Italian Maccaroni and Vermicelli, 10d. Semolina, 6d. and 8d. Millet, 4d. and 5d. Rice, 2d., 2½d., 3d., and 4d. ; Best, 4½d. Scotch Barley, 2½d. Pearl Barley, 3d.

Cloves, 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. ; Best 2s. per lb. Nutmegs, 4s. 6d. and 5s. ; Best, 5s. 4d. Mace, 4s. 6d. ; Best, 5s. Cinnamon, 3s. ; Best, 3s. 6d. Ground Cinnamon, 4s. Cassia, 1s. 2d. ; Ground, 1s. 6d. Black Pepper, Best, 1s. and 1s. 2d. White Pepper, 1s. 4d. ; Best, 1s. 8d. Cayenne, Best, 2s. Ginger, 6d., 10d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 8d., and 2s. ; Best, 2s. 4d. Mustard, 5d., 6d., 7d., 10d., and 1s. Best Mustard in England, 1s. 4d. (packed in tin foil).

SUGAR.

For the convenience of their numerous customers, **PHILLIPS & COMPANY** supply RAW SUGAR at 4d., 4½d., and 5d. per lb. REFINED SUGAR at 5d., 5½d., and 6d.

PHILLIPS & COMPANY send all goods CARRIAGE-FREE, by their own vans, within eight miles of No. 8, King William Street, City ; and send TEAS, COFFEES, AND SPICES, CARRIAGE-FREE to any Railway Station or Market Town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards.

A GENERAL PRICE CURRENT is published every Month, containing all the advantages of the LONDON MARKETS, and is sent free by Post on application to

PHILLIPS & COMPANY, Tea Merchants,

No. 8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON.

*** Samples of Tea and Coffee are also open for inspection in

Case No. 11, in the South-East Gallery of the Crystal Palace.

Post Office Orders should be made payable to PHILLIPS & COMPANY. Chief Office, London.

TO TOURISTS

BLACK'S GUIDE BOOKS & TRAVELLING MAPS.

IN NEAT PORTABLE VOLUMES,

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY MAPS, CHARTS, AND VIEWS OF SCENERY,

Containing all the latest information regarding Hotels, Inns, Distances, and whatever is likely to prove useful or instructive to the Tourist.

England, complete.....10s. 6d.
Scotland, complete.....8s. 6d.
Ireland, complete.....5s.
Highlands, by Messrs. Anderson, Inverness.....10s. 6d.
Trosachs, Illustrated by Foster.....5s.
English Lake District, with Geology, by Phillips.....5s.
Wales, North and South, and Monmouthshire.....5s.
Island of Skye, with numerous Illustrations.....2s.

CHEAP GUIDES—ONE SHILLING EACH.

Or bound in Cloth Limp, 1s. 6d. each.

WITH MAPS, CHARTS, AND ALL THE MOST RECENT INFORMATION.

Highlands of Perthshire.
Trosachs, Lochlomond, &c.
The Clyde and Argyleshire.
Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, &c.
Skye (without illustrations).
Aberdeen, Braemar, and Deeside.
Moffat and St. Mary's Loch.
Edinburgh and Environs.
English Lakes.

CHEAP IRISH GUIDES—EIGHTEENPENCE EACH.

STRONGLY BOUND IN CLOTH LIMP.

Dublin & Wicklow Mountains.
Killarney and the South.
The Shannon and the West.
Belfast and the North.

ROAD AND RAILWAY TRAVELLING MAPS.

Carefully constructed from the Maps of the Ordnance Survey and other Authorities, and containing all the Roads, Railroads, Villages, Country-Seats, Fishing Streams, Rivers, Lakes and Mountains, and every Topographical Information required by the Tourist on pleasure or business. Well coloured, lined with cloth, and neatly bound in portable cases.

England and Wales. 32 inches by 22½, 4/6. 20 inches by 14½, 2/6.
English Lake District. 19 inches by 14, 2/6.
Wales, North and South. 14 inches by 11½, each 1/6.
Scotland. 32 inches by 22½, 4/6. 20 inches by 14½, 2/6.
County Maps of Scotland, each 1/.
Ireland. 20 Inches by 14½, 2/6.

Cheap Maps on Paper, Uncoloured, One Shilling each.

A. & C. BLACK, Edinburgh; SMITH & SON, Strand, London;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS